

MATHILDA P BENNION

# IMPROVEMENT ERA



SEPTEMBER, 1924

Vol. 27

No. 11

ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIA-  
TIONS AND THE SCHOOLS OF THE  
CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF ~  
LATTER-DAY SAINTS ~~~~~

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The Holy of Holies is always found  
In your town and in mine,  
Where feet press over the sacred ground,  
To build, to bless the whole day round,  
In service superfine.

The Holy of Holies is paved with toil,  
Her incense fans the sky,  
Her cables strain and creak and coil,  
Her motors writhe and pound and boil,  
And stoker fogs roll high.

The Holy of Holies is ours because  
Of those who serve her shrine.  
Who build her walls and whirl her saws,  
Who steer her ships and make her laws,  
And dig and delve and mine.

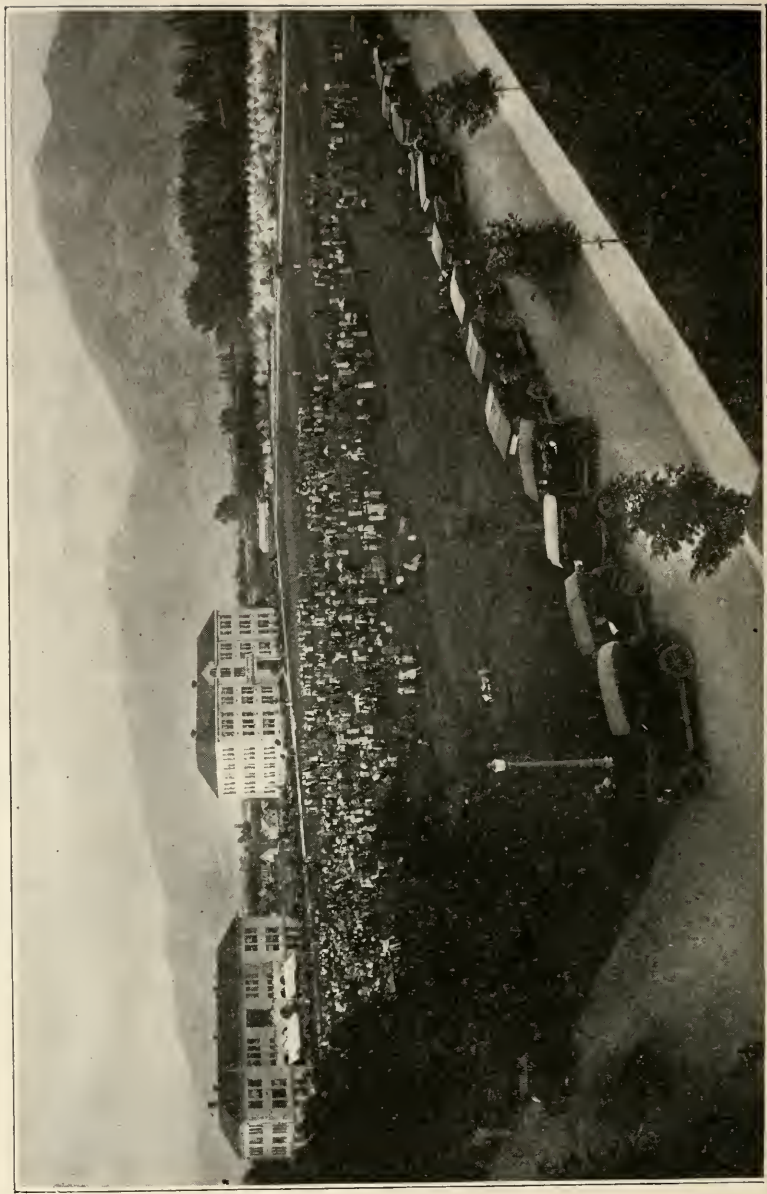
The Holy of Holies is Happiness  
And Love and Industry,  
And they are her Priests and Priestesses,  
Who serve at the altars of usefulness,  
For yours and mine and me.

For Progress builds upon Holy ground,  
And helps her own to rise,  
Where men for mankind climb and push,  
There every bush is a burning bush  
That Service sanctifies!

BERTHA A. KLEINMAN.

*Mesa, Arizona*





Play hour at the National Summer School and Farmers' Encampment. Utah Agricultural College, Logan, Utah. All ages participated. This scene was pronounced by distinguished visitors one of the most remarkable they had ever witnessed. The tents in which the students and farmers and their families lived are shown in the background.

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

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Vol. XXVII

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## TRAVELING OVER FORGOTTEN TRAILS

### A Mystery of the Grand Canyon Solved

BY PRESIDENT ANTHONY W. IVINS

Prior to the year 1869 the Grand Canyon of the Colorado was a place of mystery. To the Indians who occupied the country on the North and South rims, it was well known, but no effort was made by them to penetrate its depths; to them it was the abode of evil spirits, awaiting opportunity to seize the unfortunate who might venture within the shadows of its massive walls, and drawing them into the whirlpools of the great river, bear them away to the home of departed spirits, from which none returned.

The Colorado River was never approached by the Indians, except at certain places where the country was open, and the water could be reached without entering the recesses of the Mysterious Canyon. So far as the writer is aware the first Indians to cross the river were a party of Oribas, who came to the settlements in Southern Utah with Jacob Hamblin, on the return from one of his visits to the Hopis. Two men, members of Jacob's party, were left at the Oriba village, as hostages for the safe return of the Indians.

Jacob relates the following incident, which occurred at Lee's Ferry, while he was returning to Utah, after having visited the Hopis. Tuba, the chief of the Oribas, and his wife, after much persuasion, consented to accompany Jacob to the settlements. Upon arrival at the Colorado, Tuba said to Jacob: "I have worshiped the Great Spirit, the Father of us all, in the way that you believe to be right, now I would like you to worship with me, as the Hopis think is right, before we cross this great river.

When Jacob assented, Tuba took his medicine bag from under his shirt, and taking from it a small portion of the sacred meal

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which it contained, asked Jacob to do likewise. Jacob extended his left hand, but the Indian said, "No, you must take it with the right hand," which he did.

Tuba sprinkled a small portion of the meal on the ground, in the air, and on the surface of the river, after which he knelt, with his face to the East, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Father of us all, to preserve the party while they crossed to the opposite shore. He told the Great Spirit that he and his wife had many relatives and friends at home, and that if they were drowned, and did not return, there would be much weeping and sorrow. He prayed for his friends the "Mormons," that none of them might lose their lives, while crossing. He prayed that the animals might be preserved, because they were needed for the long journey, that the food might not be lost, because there was no more to be had, and the clothing, which was needed to keep them warm. When the party was safely over, Tuba gave thanks, that his prayer had been answered.

The tragedies of the Grand Canyon will never be told. Once caught in the swirling rapids, the victim never returns to tell his story. That the river has claimed many victims we know; how many, no one can tell. In 1869, Theodore Hook was carried away, and lost. In June, 1876, the writer was at Lee's Ferry when the river was in flood, only a few days after Lorenzo W. Roundy had been caught in the whirlpools and drowned. His body was never recovered. Frank M. Brown, who was surveying the canyon with the view of constructing a railroad through it, lost his life at the Soap Creek Rapids, just below Lee's Ferry, in July, 1889, and five days later, Peter Hansborough a member of the Brown party, was drowned a little farther down the river. More recently the skeleton of a man was found in the Grand Canyon, below the Bright Angel Trail, lodged on a ledge, far above the water. Remnants of a newspaper, found in his clothing, had been published in the spring of 1900.

Major John Wesley Powell was the first person, so far as we are aware, to pass through the Grand Canyon and reveal its mysteries and dangers to the world. It was a hazardous enterprize, and only men of supreme courage would have undertaken its accomplishment. Whether it was possible to pass through the canyon under any circumstances was uncertain; for up to that time no one had done so. The personnel of the party, which started from Green River, in Wyoming, was as follows: Major John Wesley Powell, commander, John C. Sumner, William H. Dunn, Walter H. Powell, G. Y. Bradley, O. G. Howland, Seneca Howland, Frank Goodman, William R. Hawkins and Andrew Hall.

With boats especially planned and constructed, this party of intrepid men plunged into the unknown recesses of the greatest chasm that mars the face of mother earth. The dangers and difficulties

encountered and overcome, as the party felt their way slowly down the canyon were well nigh insurmountable, but they passed all of them in safety until they reached a point almost due south from St. George, Utah, where the Shevuits Plateau pushes out, forcing the Colorado off to the south, in what is locally known as the Horse Shoe Bend. At this point a rapid was encountered which appeared to some members of the party to be impassable. O. G. Howland, the older of the two brothers, was pronounced in his determination to go no farther. He regarded any farther progress impossible, and urged that the expedition be abandoned, and an attempt made to reach the settlements to the north, by scaling the canyon walls and traveling overland. A council was held, at which Major Powell urged that the expedition proceed, they were so near the end of the hazardous undertaking, he was determined to finish the task which the Government had assigned to him. There was division in the party, some of the men desiring to abandon the undertaking; others, while doubtful of the result, were willing to follow the Major wherever he would lead.

All night Major Powell paced up and down the sandy bank of the river where camp had been established, and when morning came announced his determination to proceed.

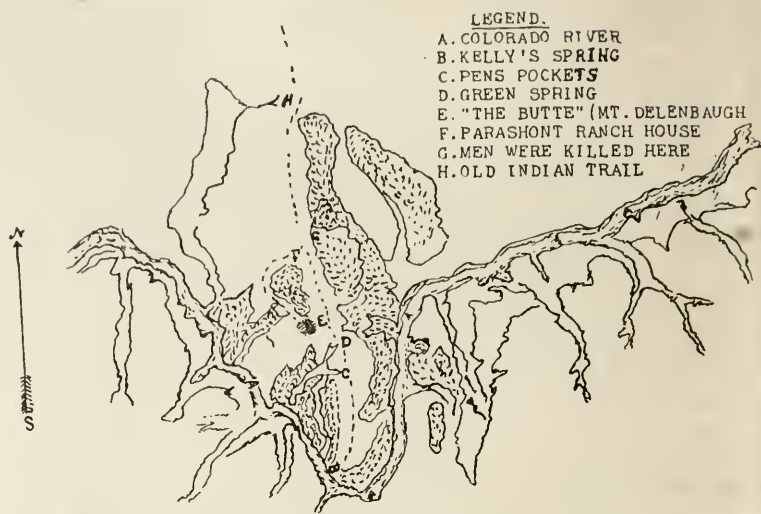
The Howland brothers and Dunn declined to go farther. Supplies were very low, and the Howlands refused to accept any food. They took two rifles, and a shot gun, believing that with these they could kill game sufficient to provide food until they reached the settlements.

As the boats pushed off and drifted slowly down toward the dangerous rapid, the Howland brothers and Dunn stood on a ledge of rock, far above the water, and waved adieu to their comrades. A few days later the Major reached the mouth of the Rio Virgin, his task finished. The Howland brothers and Dunn were never seen again by people of their own race. Their experiences can only be surmised from the following somewhat obscure facts.

Soon after the events recounted, a party of Shevuit Indians came to St. George, having in their possession a number of articles, among them a watch, which had evidently been the property of white men, which they offered to trade for clothing, food or powder and balls. Questioned in regard to ownership they stated that the articles had been found at an abandoned camp. It later became known that three of Major Powell's men had left him, in the Grand Canyon, and that they had been killed by the Shevuits, as they journeyed toward the settlements.

The following year Major Powell, with Jacob Hamblin as guide and interpreter, visited the Indians at Mount Trumbull, and endeavored to get from them the story of the tragedy. The Indians admitted that the year before, their people, who lived on the Shev-





Map showing the point in the Grand Canyon where the Howland Brothers and Dunn separated from Major Powell

wit Mountain, had killed three white men, the reason assigned being that Indians on the south side of the river had told them they were bad men who were looking for mines, and that they would bring other men in who would take their country.

The Major explained that he had come to them as a friend, and not an enemy, that he desired to explore their country and become acquainted with them, that he might report to the Government at Washington their condition and the character of the land in which they lived. After the Major had made his statement the man who acted as spokesman said:

"Your talk is good, and we believe what you say. We believe in Jacob, and look upon you as a father. When you are hungry you can have our game. You may gather our sweet fruits. We will give you food when you come to our land. We will show you the springs, and you may drink; the water is good. We will be friends, and when you come we will be glad. We will tell the Indians who live on the other side of the great river that we have seen Ka-pu-rats (One Arm: the Major had lost one of his arms), and that he is the friend of the Indians. We will tell them he is Jacob's friend. We are very poor. Look at our women and children, they are naked. We have no horses, we climb the rocks, and our feet are sore. We live among the rocks, and they yield little food, but many thorns. When the cold moons come our children are hungry. We have little to give, you must not think us mean. You are wise we have heard you tell strange things. We are ignorant. Last year



our people killed three white men. Bad men said they were our enemies, they told great lies. We thought them true, we were mad, it made us big fools. We are very sorry. Do not think of them; it is done, let us be friends. We are ignorant like little children, compared with you. When we do wrong, do not get mad, and be like children, too. When white men kill us, we kill them, too, then they kill more of us. It is not good. We hear that the white men are a great number, when they stop killing us, there will be no Indians left to bury the dead. We love our country, we know no other lands. We hear that other lands are better, we do not know. The pines sing to us, and we are glad. Our children play in the warm sand, we hear them sing, and are happy. We do not want their good lands, we want our rocks, and the great mountains, where our fathers lived. We are very poor, but very honest. You have horses and many things, you are very wise, you have a good heart. We will be friends. I have nothing more to say."

Some years after the visit of Major Powell referred to above, a company was incorporated at the town of Washington, in Southern Utah, known as The Mojave Land and Cattle Company. This company bought from the Indians the right to use various springs, and water holes which were on the Shevwit Mountain, stocked the range with cattle, and commenced a general ranching business.

The writer, soon after, acquired the interests of the Mojave Company, and added to the number of company cattle his own herd, which he had grazed on the Trumbull Mountain. It at once became evident that ranching could not be successfully carried on, while the Shevwits remained on the land, the right to which they had sold to others. They became insolent, frequently killed cattle for food, and when remonstrated with replied that the country was theirs, and that the white man, with his flocks and herds, should move away, and leave them in peaceful possession.

Representation was made to the Indian Department, at Washington, and the suggestion offered that the Shevwits be removed to a reservation on the Santa Clara River, where they would be among civilized people, and subject to proper Government supervision. The suggestion was approved, funds were appropriated for the purchase and improvement of land, and the writer was appointed to establish an agency, and place the Shevwits upon it. The Indians were reluctant to leave their old home, and a few, in the beginning, refused to come in, but when they discovered that no force was to be applied, and that those on the reservation were well treated, one by one they came straggling in until they were all there.

Among these Indians there was one man who was a constant source of trouble. He was obstinate, uncontrollable, a constant mischief maker. He pretended to be possessed of supernatural power, was a medicine man, and pretended to see, in dreams and visions, the

past, present and future. His Indian name was To-ab, we called him John.

One day, while To-ab was irrigating his water-mellons and squash, another Indian took the water from him, claiming that it was his turn to use it. To-ab went to the camp of his friend, where a quarrel ensued, and the man who had taken the water reached for his gun, which stood against the wigwam, and as he did so, To-ab struck him with a hoe, which he carried, and killed him.

To-ab was sent to the District court at Beaver, and a charge of murder preferred against him. The court appointed an attorney to defend him, and To-ab had made out a good case of self defense, when his attorney made a fatal mistake, which shattered the theory



Old Simon, the Indian who places the killing of the Howland Brothers and Dunn upon To-ab.

which he had built up. In summing up the evidence, before the jury, the attorney called attention to the fact that To-ab, when the other man seized his rifle, acting under mortal fear that his life would be taken, struck the fatal blow. To-ab, who had acquired a limited knowledge of the English language, at this point sprang up, and shaking his fist at the attorney shouted—"No! No! Me no scart. Gun hain't got any bullets." He was not afraid, because he knew the gun was not loaded. To-ab was sent to the State Prison, where he soon became ill, and was placed in a hospital, where he rapidly recovered. After this he was ill while in his cell, but immediately recovered when sent to the hospital. The warden finally sent for me and begged that I take him back to the reservation, which I did, and thus removed from the prison an intolerable nuisance.

From the time this Indian, To-ab, came to the reservation I had

suspected that he was connected with, if not entirely responsible for, the murder of the Howland Brothers and Dunn, but neither by persuasion, nor offer of reward or threats, could the Indians be induced to give a word that would incriminate him.

More than twenty years after the Howlands and Dunn were killed, the writer was one day riding alone on the range, a short distance east, and little north of the Parashont Ranch House. A heavy growth of cedars covered the mesa, it was an ideal place for an ambushade. Passing through a dense growth of cedars the horse emerged into a small clearing, and stopped. It was evident that



"John" To-ab who is said to have been responsible for the killing of Powell's men. His features are an index to his depraved nature

someone had long before camped on the spot, dead cedars had been pulled down, a temporary shelter improvised, and a fire built. Like a bolt from the blue the thought came—This is the spot where Powell's men were killed.

In 1923 the writer made a trip to the southern part of the state. Knowing that To-ab had died, and that there was but one living who would be able to give the information desired, he went



President Grant and party looking down into the Grand Canyon of the Colorado from Bright Angel Point.

to the agency for the purpose of interviewing Old Simon, the only man remaining, who would have personal knowledge of the details of the tragedy. Simon had gone to the mountains to gather pine nuts, so the matter was left with George Brooks, ex-sheriff of Washington county, to acquire if possible, the desired information.

Upon his return from the mountains, Simon said: He remembered that when he was a big boy three white men came up from the river which flows through the Grand Canyon, and were killed by the Indians on the Shevuit Mountain. Que-toose, who at the time was chief of the Shevwits tribe, was away at a spring, raising corn, and knew nothing of the killing until after it had occurred.

From the story told by Simon, and from other information gleaned from the Indians, it appears that the men, after leaving the Major, at the river, followed an old Indian trail, known to the writer, which reaches the north rim of the Grand Canyon at a point on the east side of Green Spring Canyon, where there is a small dripping spring, known as Kelly's Spring. From this point the trail bears north to Pen's Pockets and Green Spring. From there it passes north-west, on the north side of the "Butte" (Mount Dellenbaugh), goes over Lake Flat, and turns north, down a canyon, to Pine and Duke Springs, and from there down the Para-shont Wash to the head of Hidden Canyon, across Poverty Mountain to Wolf Hole, and on to St. George. Had Powell's men been left unmolested, they undoubt-



edly would have followed this trail, and reached the settlements in safety.

It appears that when they first met the Shevuit Indians the white men were received with protestations of friendship. After they had passed, a council was held to determine whether they should be permitted to proceed in peace, or should be attacked and killed. The majority of the Indians were in favor of treating the strangers as friends, but To-ab insisted that they be dealt with as enemies. Persuading two young Indians to go with him, he followed the men to the point marked on the accompanying map, a short distance north east of the Para-shont Ranch House, which was built many years after, where they attacked them from ambush, and killed them.

It is interesting to know that the point marked by Simon as the spot where the tragedy occurred, is the exact locality where some invisible influence caused the writer to stop his horse and reflect, as before stated, and it was at that time that the resolve came to him some day to fix the responsibility for this needless and unjustifiable murder, where he always believed it belonged, on John To-ab, whose character is plainly stamped in the lines of the face shown in the accompanying photograph, which was furnished the writer by the warden of the State Prison.

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## Don't Grumble

Though the road seems rough and the days seem cold,  
From grumbling I will refrain;  
For the God of Love doth destiny hold,  
And who am I to complain!  
My sight may be short, my arm may be weak,  
Life's boat I barely may row,  
But why should I grumble? It is not meek,  
It never lighteneth woe.

Yes, grumbling I say will lighten no load,  
It never maketh a friend;  
It weakens the nerves and roughens the road,  
And wrecks our lives in the end.  
Let the day be bright or rainy or cold,  
From grumbling I will refrain;  
For the God of Love doth destiny hold,  
And who am I to complain!

Don't grumble and growl, no good will be done,  
It always leadeth to ill;  
If sweets you would drink, this fountain then shun  
Before your cup it can fill.  
If you'd be worthwhile, meet life with a smile,  
From grumbling always refrain;  
The darkest of clouds lasts only a while  
And life is refreshed by the rain.

*Dirigo, Ky.*

ROBERT L. CAMPBELL.

## SALVATION FIRST

BY ORSON F. WHITNEY, OF THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

Two ministers were conversing. One said to the other: "Why is your chapel always filled with eager listeners, while mine is half empty and my congregation listless and inattentive? My talents are equal to yours, and my education as complete. What is the secret of your superior hold on the hearts and minds of the people? Why do they like to hear you speak, and why do they not like to hear me?"

The one addressed replied: "It is because you are always telling them that if they don't do certain things they'll be damned; while I am telling them that if they do certain things they will be saved. That is the secret."

This anecdote sets one to thinking. It is psychologically true. Nobody enjoys being scolded and threatened, even when it is deserved. Harsh words have a tendency to harden the hearts of those at whom they are directed, and to bar out the message that the speaker or writer seeks to deliver. Men and women would rather be persuaded to do right. They don't want the Gospel thrown at them like a brickbat. Who can blame them? Doctor Angell—I think it was he—said at our June Conference: "Children should not be compelled to go to school; but school should be made so attractive that the children could not be kept away." Will not the same argument apply to church-going, and to "children of a larger growth?"

There is no theme so beautiful, so sublime, so soul-satisfying as the Gospel. And the Saints know it when they hear it, and they love it above all other things. But they cannot be fed with chaff: they demand wheat—the true grain. The sheep know the voice of the Shepherd, and a stranger they will not follow. But the Gospel, in order to make the quickest and best impression, must be preached in a winning way. "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned." So taught the Prophet Joseph Smith, and this applies to preaching, just as much as to any other exercise of that divine authority without which the Gospel would be but a name—a machine without the motive power.

The minister who preaches salvation has a tremendous advantage over the one who makes damnation his constant theme. The former not only carries his congregation with him, but he follows the example set by the Savior when he gave his apostles the message they were to deliver to all the world: "He that believeth

and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

Damnation is no part of the Gospel of Christ. "What!" exclaims one. "Have you not just quoted the Christ as saying, 'He that believeth not shall be damned'?" Yes, but He did not say it until after He had said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." He put salvation first. Damnation, the alternative, was given a subordinate place. I repeat, there is no damnation in the Gospel of Christ; it is "the power of God unto salvation." But there is plenty of damnation outside of it. The Gospel is the ladder to eternal life, and every round of it spells salvation. The refusal to climb the ladder is what brings damnation, or condemnation, which is the sad but inevitable consequence of rejecting the offer of salvation.

Great is the worth of souls in the sight of God. His work and his glory is "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." The purpose of all Gospel preaching is to convert souls to Christ, bring sinners to repentance, feed the flock of the Good Shepherd, and prevent the sheep from straying. This being the case, the Gospel should be presented in a way to invite, and not repel. This can be done without compromise with error, without any catering or pandering to passion or prejudice. The Gospel needs no sugar-coating; it is sweet in and of itself. Only to the soured and embittered does it seem otherwise.

God is not trying to damn the world, but to save it; and save it He will. His ministers are the saviors of men. Their mission is to rescue and redeem. Like faithful firemen, they "aim to aid and work to save." The true minister will present his message in a manner that will appeal most strongly to the best impulses of the human heart. He cannot, of course, change the Gospel, to make it palatable to any perverted taste. But he can and should teach it as the Master taught it, placing salvation first, and condemnation afterwards—if it be needed to emphasize the saving message and render its acceptance more likely.

Some will not accept it, of course. Some will not be saved. But that is not the fault of the plan of salvation, which was designed to save all—not by compulsion, but by the exercise of man's free agency. There are many who will harden their hearts against the Truth; but even these must be patiently labored with. Preaching to them in an unkind spirit is not the best way to soften their hearts or leave them without excuse at the Day of Judgment. Who knows but some of them may plead in justification, when they stand before the Great White Throne, that the harsh preaching of the Message of Mercy prevented them from seeing its beauties and sensing its saving powers?

Why is it that the spirit of uncharity, a desire to destroy rather

than to save, is so often found in people whose lives—outwardly at least—are correct, and who pride themselves on their zeal for truth and righteousness? In a comic play that I witnessed, one of the characters, Widow Bedott, is made to say: "I believe in election and damnation—the election of myself and the damnation of everybody else; and you don't know what a comfort it is." That is putting salvation first with a vengeance. Yes, there are people like that in this world, but none, I hope, in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints—self-righteous people, proud of their humility, who know nothing of charity and mercy, and would not be happy in heaven unless they knew that somebody was in hell. "What's the use of being saved, if nobody is going to be damned"—is their favorite slogan. The Gospel eradicates all such feelings, makes the heart tender and pleads for the salvation, and not the destruction, of God's sons and daughters.

My advice to missionaries, at home or abroad, based upon an experience of nearly fifty years as preacher and teacher by tongue and pen, is this: Preach the Gospel in the spirit of kindness and love. Put salvation first; make it the dominant theme. Do everything in your power to win souls for Him who said: "Behold, I say unto you, that the thing which will be of the most worth unto you, will be to declare repentance unto this people, that you may bring souls unto me." "And if it so be that you should labor all your days in crying repentance unto this people, and bring save it be one soul unto me, how great shall be your joy with him in the kingdom of my Father."

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## Radio Waves

It is easier to live down a lie than to talk it down.

Some men rob themselves when they call others hard names.

A man isn't always cool when he shivers in the hour of danger.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls the deeper it sinks into the mind.

No person ought to complain if the world measures him as he measures others.

Difficulties are always mountains until you meet them; mole-hills after you have passed them.

Self-love is the most delicate yet the most tenacious of our sentiments; a mere nothing will wound it, yet nothing on earth will kill it.

A man has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act uncivilly—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

*San Diego, Cal.*

DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF.



## SCOUTING AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN PROMOTING SAFETY\*

BY DR. RICHARD R. LYMAN, UTAH REPRESENTATIVE ON EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF REGION TWELVE, BOY SCOUTS  
OF AMERICA

I have been invited as a scout official to deliver this address. Whether extending this invitation is in accordance with your former practice or not I do not know. This is such a wise and fitting method of procedure, however, that I take this opportunity of urging that in the future other invitations be extended to other scout officials with the hope that so doing be a means of bringing about the most effective possible cooperation between these two great agencies, both of which are struggling to save human life.

"A Scout is helpful—he must be prepared at any time to save life." This is a portion of the Scout law. In accordance with its provisions, half a million bright-eyed, quick-witted American boys are prepared, at any time, to save life. And they have been carefully trained how, under practically all usual conditions, this can be done.

Recently in our own neighborhood the brake slipped, and an automobile containing a child began moving, first slowly, and then more rapidly, toward the steep downward slope of a dangerous hill-side. One of these half million boy scouts of America sized-up the situation quickly, sprang to the brake, saved the automobile from being wrecked, and the child from an accident that might have been fatal. The deep gratitude of the child's father which he has attempted repeatedly to express can be best imagined.

At a banquet given in this city recently, by a group of Boy Scouts to their fathers and mothers, one frail little fellow with complexion and hair as light as his Scandinavian mother's hair and eyes are black, stood before that great group of boys and grownups and explained how he remembered when he saw his companion drowning in Utah Lake that "a Scout is reverent", and that his mother had taught him to place his trust in Divine Providence. There was hardly a dry eye at the banquet table—even the fathers shed tears—when this little fellow explained how, with his trust thus placed, he swam out into the deep water and successfully brought his drowning companion to the shore.

An audience in the Tabernacle in this city listened in breathless silence recently when a Boy Scout from Northern Utah was awarded

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\*Delivered before the Safety Section of the Annual Convention of the American Railway Association at 9:30 a. m., Thursday, June 26, 1924, Salt Lake City, Utah.

a national certificate of honor for bringing a drowning companion to the shore of a swift moving stream.

These boys are trained to save life, to practice safety first. They are prepared. So far as I know, a well-trained scout has never failed in an effort to save a drowning person. If my memory serves me right, untrained men fail in such an undertaking oftener than they succeed. The untrained lose their own lives in such an effort more frequently than they save the individual in distress.

While the instances referred to are necessarily somewhat dramatic, boy scouts regard their efforts as most commendable when least dramatic.

A story will illustrate what I mean. As the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, he saw "Newspaper Mary" in great trouble because the wind was scattering her papers in all directions. Quick as a flash a boy leaped from a passing street car, gathered up the papers, folded them carefully, put them in a smooth pile, and placed a heavy stone upon them. As the boy dashed away, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury hailed him, and asked his name. In the true scout spirit the boy replied: "That would spoil it all. All you need to know, Sir, is that I am a Boy Scout." As he finished his remark the scout caught a passing street car and disappeared.

On the railroads of the United States annually, approximately 2,500 trespassers are killed and a like number are injured. Nor are all of these of the "hobo" type. Many are respected citizens. The last official figures of the Inter-State Commerce Commission available are for the year 1922. In that year 2,430 fatalities occurred, and 2,844 individuals were injured, or those trespassing on railroad tracks sustained a total of 5,274 casualties. Think of it. This is an average of nearly twelve per day.

I am sure you will be surprised to know that 202 of those who were killed and 247 of those seriously injured, were children under 14 years of age.

Many walk on railroad tracks or jump on moving trains as a short-cut home, or a short-cut to work. So doing, many times too often, proves but a short-cut to the grave.

If the 2,500 persons who are killed annually while trespassing on railroads were killed in a single accident, as on the *Titanic* or the *Lusitania*, the whole world would be stirred with the seriousness of the situation. But since these deaths come along but one or two at a time, they actually arouse but little public interest.

Accidents are by no means confined to those which occur on railroads. We are told in our scout literature that during the nineteen months war with Germany, 128,000 men, women and children were killed by accident in peaceful America. Look at the red trail of the automobile. It is said that an automobile kills somebody on the

streets or highways of America every forty minutes, and that during this same period the automobile injures more than two others. Ten thousand persons were killed by automobiles in 1922. Accidents are occurring everywhere, in the home, on the street, in the school, in the factory, on the railroads, on the sea, etc. Thousands and thousands of the lives of children and wage earners are taken every year by accident; 19,257 children under 14 years were killed by accident in 1919; 6,000 of these deaths were due to burns.

It is estimated that 50% of these fatalities result from accidents that occur in homes. It is estimated further that the loss annually in the United States because of accidents exceeds \$300,000,000.

Over 2,000,000 accidents occur annually. The resulting loss and suffering can hardly be pictured in the imagination. Of these accidents it is estimated that more than 50% are due to preventable causes. The census report for one year gives the following statistics:

Deaths by fire .....	5,884
Deaths by drowning .....	7,036
Deaths by falls, etc. ....	9,842
Deaths by automobiles.....	9,903

It is stated that during the last 60 years, three millions of deaths have occurred, one-half of which were preventable. Typhoid fever, of which we have heard so much, does not compare with accidents as a cause of death in our country. And while typhoid fever is constantly decreasing, accidents are constantly increasing. If this increase continues, the annual death rate from accidents will soon exceed the appalling annual death rate from tuberculosis.

During the last few years the ever-increasing number of accidents has created a general awakening with the result that the Safety First movement has become nation-wide. Many agencies are actively and effectively engaged in furthering this splendid cause. In this movement the Boy Scouts of America are playing an important part by rendering swift and efficient service along preventive lines.

The Safety First program for the Boy Scouts of America is an elaborate one. The National Scout organization has published Safety First instructions in great detail, including those for safety in the home, on the street, at school, at fires, during panics, about railroad tracks and yards, etc., etc.

Scouts who are awarded merit badges for Safety First have had a training that will assist them greatly to be wise public officials if they happen to be called into public service. Those thus trained will be a leaven that will assist in leavening the whole lump—that is, they will be important factors in teaching the whole community how to reduce to a minimum the 50% of accidents which are preventable.

As a scout official, I urge you splendid, efficient workers of this Safety Section, to give to this Scout movement in every section of the country your most hearty cooperation and support. I know

of no other agency for safety which is so deserving of your support, and I am sure your cooperation with this National organization and its great army of workers will reap rich results.

May I draw your attention to some of the safety instructions which scouts are expected to know? They are taught in the first place that "Safety Begins at Home."

Following are some of the instructions which emphasize:

(a) Safety in the home:

"Pick up pins and needles; they cause the death of many babies.

"Keep medicines out of the reach of small children.

"A thoughtful scout will not leave anything on the stairs that may cause others to trip, slip, or fall, thus preventing injury to himself and to others.

"Scalding water tipped from the edge of the stove may cause a fatal accident to a small sister or brother.

"Be on the 'look out' for sharp knives, etc. They should be kept out of reach of small children.

"Rugs should lie flat. Serious falls come from tripping over rugs.

"Keep your yard free from broken glass, rusty wire, and projecting nails.

"To play with matches is dangerous.

"Let dad's gun alone.

"A scout sometimes does his good turn by warning others against the use of kerosene and gasoline when lighting a fire.

"Keep all combustible articles, other than fuel for immediate use, away from the stove.

"Curtains or woodwork are sometimes ignited by gas jets.

"See that the chimneys are examined twice a year to keep the flues clear.

"Sixty per cent of all fires start in closets, cellars, or attics. Keep them clean and free from rags and dry wood.

"See that the fire escapes and halls are kept clear of obstruction.

"A scout will not carry a lighted match or lamp or candle into a closet.

"Burn greasy or oily rags and paper immediately after using.

"When emptying gasoline or benzine cans, pour the contents on the ground away from buildings, instead of into sinks or drains.

"Handling the electric wiring of a house is dangerous and may cost considerable for repairs."

(b) Safety in the street:

"It is dangerous to play in the street. Be careful.

*Crossing*

"Cross streets at the corners and at right angles, instead of diagonally.

"A scout does not cross the street in front of a moving vehicle.

"Always look in both directions before crossing; it never pays to run, you may fall.

"Be careful in crossing behind a vehicle, one may be coming in the opposite direction.

"Wait for the policeman's signal, that you may not interfere with traffic.

"Keep to the right in walking and in entering doorways.

"When waiting for a car, stand on the curb, not in the middle of the street.



"Enter a car on the right hand side, facing toward it. Grasp the forward handle.

"Get on with right hand and left foot; get off with left hand and right foot.

"Get off face forward and outward, retaining firm hold of handle until feet are firmly on the ground. Watch for teams and autos when you get off. Look both ways.

"Always wait until the car stops, getting on or off.

"The signals for stopping and starting a street car are: one bell—stop, two bells—start, three bells—stop immediately. (Used for emergencies.)

"It is dangerous to let any part of your body project from the car window or platform.

"The scout is trustworthy; he rides in the car instead of on the bumpers.

### *Wires*

"To handle wires of any kind, hanging from poles or trees, or to tamper with them may cause a serious accident or death. They may be live wires.

"Report broken wires to Police Department by telephone immediately.

"A scout will not fly a kite near wires or use a wire for a kite string, as it may make a contact with a live wire and cause injury or death.

"A scout protects property; he will not throw stones or shoot at the glass insulators on the poles.

"A scout knows of better places to play than around arc light poles. He knows that it is dangerous.

"A scout knows that to throw a string or wire over a trolley or other wire carrying a current is dangerous, because it is likely to produce a shock.

### *Fires*

"Know the location of fire alarm boxes.

"Know how to turn in a fire alarm. After turning in an alarm, stay at the box until the arrival of the department to tell them where the fire is.

"When you hear a fire alarm, keep on the sidewalk.

"A scout will invade the fire lines at a fire only when permitted to do so by the authorities.

### *Railroad Tracks and Yards*

"It is dangerous to play along railroad tracks or on railroad bridges. Trains may be expected at any time.

"Keep out of railroad yards.

"Keep off sidings and cars standing on tracks.

"Riding on steps and platforms is dangerous, as is climbing through cars when standing or moving. Wait until the car stops to get on or off.

"When crossing railroad tracks stop, and listen; look in both directions.

"A bell ringing or a moving signal arm indicates a train is approaching.

"Notify the station agent, track foreman, or some other official of the railroad whenever you discover a fire on railroad property. As scouts you should put out any fire you may discover, unless instructed differently by railroad employees or officials.

"To walk around lowered gates or crawl under them is dangerous.

"It is dangerous to let any part of your body project from the car window or platform.

"Be careful. In crossing make sure that there is no danger from a train on another track. Wait! It is dangerous to cross in face of a moving or close to the rear of a standing train or car.

"A scout plays safe as much for the other fellow's sake as for his own.

"He does not jump off moving trains, cars, or engines, and scouting activities are such that he does not care to loiter around railroad stations, or to play on or around turn tables. He reads cautionary signs and rules for safety posted at stations, crossings, etc. He obeys all danger signals and warnings.

### *General*

"Accidents due to hitching on wagons with carts or roller skates are very common.

"A scout prefers to coast in the open field rather than around a much-traveled highway or across car tracks.

"Sling shots, air guns, or 'beebee' guns have no place in the scout program. He knows that they are dangerous.

"Keep away from excavations and open manholes.

"Let strange dogs alone.

"A scout knows that sand and stones are very dangerous when thrown.

"Use your own sanitary drinking cup in public places.

"Have your little scratches and bruises taken care of at once.

"Pick up banana peels and deposit them in proper receptacles.

"The push-mobile and skate-mobile are dangerous devices; be careful.

### (c) Safety at school:

"Assist your teacher or principal in organizing a safety patrol among the older boys of your school. The following are some of the duties of the safety patrol:

"Guard street intersections near school as children come to school.

"Keep children out of street at dismissal.

"Help smaller children over crossings.

"Post bulletins of advice to pupils for co-operation in safety work.

"Make reports of accidents with suggestions for prevention.

"Give notice to principal of any dangerous conditions.

"Report open manholes, blocked hallways and fire escapes, protruding nails, or injurious obstructions, broken wires of all kinds report the building of fires in dangerous places; for example, in the alley, near the fences or buildings.

"Doors should open outward.

### *Panics and Their Prevention*

"Note all exits as you enter a building.

"In case of a panic at an indoor assembly, scouts, if they live up to their motto, 'Be Prepared,' will be able to save hundreds of lives.

"Distribute the crowd. Use all exits leading to safety.

"There is usually time for people to get out of a building if the exits are not blocked by too many crowding them at once. One should, if possible, try to arrange to have the performance go on, and the others could reassure the people and get them to go out quietly through the exits provided, which, according to law, must open outward and be marked by illuminated signs.

"Keep crowd moving after passing through exit.

"Scouts know how quickly and safely our school buildings are cleared by means of well-organized fire drills.

"Keep cool.

### *Fires and Their Prevention*

"A scout is careful of disposing of a lighted match. He knows that it may fall upon inflammable material and start a fire.

"Reading in bed by the light of a lamp or candle is dangerous, for if the reader goes to sleep the bed clothing is likely to catch fire.

"A room in which the odor of gas is apparent should never be entered with a light, and in handling gunpowder a scout should have no matches in his pockets.

### *How to Put Out Burning Clothing*

"If your clothing should catch fire do not run for help, as this will fan the flames.

"Lie down and roll up as tightly as possible in an overcoat, blanket, rug, or any woolen article.

"If nothing can be obtained in which to wrap up, lie down and roll over slowly, at the same time beating the fire with the hands.

"If another person's clothing catches fire, throw him on the ground and smother the fire with a coat, blanket, or rug.

"Remember that woolen material is much less inflammable than cotton."

To obtain a merit badge for Safety First, a Scout must pass a satisfactory examination in the following eight important points:

1. State four or more dangerous conditions in the average home and indicate what steps should be taken to correct these conditions.
2. Produce satisfactory evidence that he is personally responsible for the application of at least two constructive safety first principles in his own home.
3. Name the most serious violation of public safety principles which has come under his observation and produce satisfactory evidence that he has done all within his power to correct the same.
4. State in writing at least six of the most important regulations covering street safety to meet the conditions of the neighborhood in which he lives.
5. State in writing at least six of the most important regulations covering street safety to meet the conditions of the school he last attended.
6. Submit in writing an outline of his own plan for a school fire drill and explain the method of properly carrying it into effect.
7. State in writing at least six violations of Safety First principles which are responsible for accidents in connection with railroads.
8. Stand a satisfactory examination showing a knowledge of the importance of the Safety First Movement and the most important principles it involves, and satisfactorily demonstrate his ability to assume leadership in case of a fire, panic, or other disaster.

With such a program as this outline indicates, certainly, gentlemen of this Safety Section, you and the great railway organization of the country which you represent can make no more profitable investment of talent or money than to give both of these freely for the purpose of encouraging and supporting this splendidly patriotic and genuinely American organization, the Boy Scouts of America.

To repeat—"A Scout is helpful." He must be at any time prepared to save life. Nor is this all. A scout is trustworthy, loyal, friendly, courteous, kind, obedient, cheerful, brave, clean and reverent. Place your trust in him and you will find him dependable. A scientific investigation made recently showed that among many groups

under trying tests the Boy Scouts stood first in honesty. Place your trust in these scouts, they will not disappoint you. They are splendid little men. I think you may search our country over without finding a more responsive or a more efficient group when it comes to helping to reduce this great number of casualties, than the sparkling little characters—the Boy Scouts of America, half-a-million strong.

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## I Know I Know

I know I know that God and Nature are  
Phenomena of fundamental thought  
That thrill my being like a brilliant star  
Whose rays of light my sense of sight have caught.  
I know they have upon my nature wrought  
The changes that have made my spirit bold,  
And in the fights of life that I have fought  
They have enriched my mind a thousandfold  
With wealth I would not change for vaults of gleaming gold.

I know I know my soul can never die  
And that the Universe will always be  
A dwelling place for those who toil and try  
To reach the goal of truth and liberty.  
I know my mind is fearless and free  
To scale the crags to an exalted goal,  
And reach the summits of a destiny  
That gratify the longings of my soul  
For fairer views of life and firmer self-control.

I know I know that life is not for sorrow,  
And that the darkest caverns of despair  
May be illumined by a light tomorrow  
That makes the world look beautiful and fair.  
I know this balmy breath and fragrant air  
Can kill the germs of ruin and decay,  
And that the sharpest spurse of pain and care  
Can urge the spirit on its shining way,  
For training to command is teaching to obey.

I know I know that in my heart of hearts  
There is a latent spark of heavenly fire  
That kindles many fierce and flaming darts  
Of pleasing fancy and of fond desire.  
I know I love all beings who admire  
The things that lift my vision to the sky;  
And if the strains of my discordant lyre  
Can hush the harshness of a human cry,  
I shall be glad to live and well prepared to die.



# VALUE OF CHEMICAL AND BACTERIOLOGICAL INVESTIGATION

BY J. E. GREAVES, CHEMIST AND BACTERIOLOGIST, UTAH AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE EXPERIMENT STATION

The history of the development of bacteriology from 1675 to 1865 is a story of man's attempt to answer the theoretical question—what is the origin of life? Is it spontaneously generated or is it the descendant of preexisting life? Few more theoretical considerations could be imagined, yet upon the basis of the answer to this question has been reared those three magnificent structures—bacteriology, preventative medicine, and surgery—which alone have done more to administer to and alleviate the suffering of mankind than all other subjects combined. When Pasteur undertook a microscopic study of the diseased silkworm and a bacteriological study of tissues of animals which had died of splenic fever, even the most optimistic would not have dared to predict that the outcome of these two studies was destined in a few years to net in money to France more every four years than was paid by her to Germany after the Franco-Prussian War. In the Smithsonian Institution at Washington is a crude cumbersome machine which if one turns until he is blue in the face emits a small flash of electricity. Yet had Benjamin Franklin predicted that from it would have come all our modern electrical wonders, they probably would have found a place for him in the insane asylum.

Hence, it is hard to foretell what will be the outcome of this or that investigation, but all the work which has been done and is in progress in the Department of Bacteriology has been planned with the idea that what we desire is the underlying laws governing this or that phase of agricultural practice and not an accumulation of a mass of unrelated data that may appear to have a greater monetary value but which can be applied only in the specific case, for once having discovered the law it is easy to apply it to specific cases.

A careful bacteriological examination of the soils of the dry-farm and irrigated soils of Utah extending over a period of fifteen years has fully demonstrated that alfalfa entering into systems of crop rotation stimulates the soil to part with its stored-up fertility more rapidly than does the one-crop system. Furthermore, the direct analysis of a great number of Utah soils which have grown various crops for a number of years—some of them having been into alfalfa or wheat for upward of thirty years—reveals the fact that almost invariably the alfalfa soil contains less total nitrogen than does the wheat soil. The average for a great number of determinations made from alfalfa soil was 7,232 pounds per acre of total nitrogen, while the average

for a great number of determinations of wheat soil was 7,398 pounds. These conclusions clearly indicate that crop rotation even where the legumes largely enter does not maintain the fertility of the soil where the complete crop is harvested. It does, however, point the way to a system of permanent soil improvements—the combined rotation and livestock method which, if systematically applied, would ward off for hundreds of years the day when commercial fertilizers would have to be used on Utah soils. Moreover, it would result in an increased agricultural revenue to the state, which very conservatively can be placed at one-third greater than it is at the present time.

Systematic analysis of the dry-farm soils of Utah reveals the fact that they vary in nitrogen-fixing powers of from zero to twenty-five pounds per acre. Now, twenty-five pounds of nitrogen at its market price in commercial fertilizers is worth \$3.75. We have discovered some of the factors which are governing this highest fixation to be aeration and sufficient organic matter for the necessary energy of the lower plants which take part in the fixation. If in time we are able to unravel all of the complex factors which are governing this change and make all of the dry-farm soils gain each year \$3.75 worth of nitrogen per acre in place of only the exceptional soil, will it not be worth the money invested?

In most of our western districts water is the limiting factor in crop production, if viewed from the standpoint of the whole area. Therefore, a vital question is, what is the optimum moisture for maximum crop production? Our bacteriological work indicates this to be for the beneficial bacteria of the soil between 60 and 70 per cent of the water-holding capacity of the soil, and although not absolute it is quite certain that this is not far from the ideal for the higher plants. This far-reaching law could have been gotten on the higher plants only with the expenditure of large sums of money, and it would have required a series of years. As it is, these factors can be taken with slight variation and tested out for the various plants.

The intelligent use of water also has another economic phase, for our work demonstrates that its excessive use may at times carry as much as 30 pounds of nitrogen an acre from the soil. This at its market price would be worth \$4.50. If one-third of the 20,000,000 acres of land in the United States is being over-irrigated with this average annual loss, there would be a loss of plant-food amounting to \$85,000,000. This only tells part of the story, for this excessive irrigation is carrying beyond the feeding powers of the plant roots the soluble plant-food which would probably account for another loss in diminished crop yields equal to or even greater than the above.

There are millions of acres of land in the arid west which contain varying amounts of soluble salts. Some of these soils contain such large quantities of the so-called "alkalies" that no vegetation grow upon them. These can be reclaimed only by the leaching out of the

soluble salts. But actual experience teaches us that in some soils the salts "just won't wash out;" hence, we have to learn the laws underlying this leaching process, and having learned them apply them to natural field conditions in such a way as to increase the leaching process. Some of the work now in progress has as its aim this goal. Moreover, the results which so far have been obtained show that the toxicity of the alkali salts toward bacteria and probably to the higher plants is due (1) to a physiological effect upon the protoplasm composing the plant, and (2) an injurious osmotic pressure. Our laboratory work indicates that in so far as the bacteria are concerned the first effect can in some cases be cheaply overcome by the use of certain salts, thus creating an antagonistic action in the soil. Can this be carried over and applied to the higher plants? Only future work can answer. The results have already accumulated sufficiently to make it certain that alkali salts in some concentrations may injure the plants only indirectly through their action on the bacteria. Remove this ill effect upon the bacteria and the injury to the plant disappears.

The main toxic effect is due to excess osmotic pressure. It is evident that this can be overcome by either of two methods: (1) the removal of the salts which produce the osmotic effect, or (2) the formation of complex molecular aggregates which would have a corresponding lower osmotic pressure. Now, it is well-known that organic compounds possess the power of combining with the common alkali salts. Our work so far has indicated that we can take some alkali soils which are barren, apply to them 15 tons of barnyard manure and produce on them fair crops. If even 10 per cent of the alkali area of Utah can be partially reclaimed by this method it will mean a net gain to the state far greater than all that has been invested in experimental work.

Moreover, it has been found that many alkali soils are non-productive for a number of years after the soluble salts have been removed. Our work indicates that this is due to (1) physical condition, (2) a small quantity of available plant-food, and (3) the absence of the normal bacterial flora. All three of these can be corrected by a liberal use of fresh barnyard manure. Hence, it is certain that the combined livestock and rotation system of farming is essential not only for the maintaining of the nitrogen content of the soil but for the reclaiming of alkali lands.

It is also quite possible that having learned the action of the various alkali salts upon the bacterial flora of the soil, that we may in time come to use them as a measure of the soil's productive power. We have already found that there is a close correlation between the soil microflora and the higher flora. Others have found that the azotobacter can be used as a very sensitive test for available phosphorus. Then why not use them as an indicator of the alkali content?

Time and systematic work are required to answer this question. But if it ever does become possible it will place in the hands of the investigator a new tool, and it is well-known that the advancements which have been made in the past in all fields of human endeavor are intimately linked with the discovery of new and better methods.

Our study of the irrigation waters of the state clearly shows that their influence upon the soil may be four-fold: (1) they may increase or decrease the available plant-food of the soil without changing the total quantity; (2) they may carry from a soil plant-food, thus leaving it intrinsically less productive; (3) they may carry to a soil phosphorus, potassium, and nitrogen, therefore increasing its total plant-food; and (4) water may carry to and deposit in a soil "alkali" salts which in time will render it barren. It is therefore evident that irrigation water may be used to make the desert blossom like the rose, or it may transform the most productive field into a barren waste. Which of these shall occur will be governed by the knowledge which the farmer has of the composition of the water he is using and the composition of the soil on which it is to be used. This knowledge which we are trying to obtain linked with a judicious use of irrigation water, can save thousands of acres of the state's best land from becoming useless.

*Logan, Utah*

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## Good Philosophy

I asked a sister in passing,  
 "Well, how are things today?"  
 And she answered me quick and cheerily,  
 In a bright and cheerful way,  
 "There are plenty of things to growl at,  
 But we've got to live them down."  
 Her face was sunny and pleasant  
 When there might have been a frown.  
 "There is no use in growling,  
 I've got to do my part,  
 And keep a smile on my face, friend,  
 As well as in my heart."  
 These wise, sweet words were cheering,  
 And helped me on my way.  
 For we all have things to growl at,  
 That worry us day by day.  
 I've been doing a lot of thinking,  
 And this is part of my thought—  
 Do we all meet life as bravely  
 And pleasantly as we ought?  
 For there's plenty in life to growl at,  
 No matter how fair things be;  
 And I want you to learn the answer,  
 That good sister gave to me.

*Hobart, Tasmania*

A. C. A. DEAN HEWER.





Lake Lillian, in the Hidden Valley of the Wasatch

## A GROUP OF WASATCH LAKES

BY ALFRED LAMBOURNE

It is an egotism, is it not, to begin a short reminiscence like this with the personal pronoun? Therefore, it is avoided with a statement: many times has the writer been asked to tell of his first visit to certain of the Wasatch High Lakes, and also to relate somewhat of the naming. This is a pleasant task; that is, to concede to the leading request, but in regard to the second he will be silent and give his reasons later.

We confess to a growing coldness toward those friends of ours who stop one upon the street and ask: "How old are you now?" We place them upon a par with those inquisitive ones who demand to know how many big simoleons one receives for an article—this reminiscence, for instance. Tut! Tut! man—in regard to age, talk about something pleasant and respecting finance, remember that excellent admonition used in the Pioneers Days, "Mind your own business!" Yet, after all, Mr. Editor, the thinking, the writing of of these few words does carry me back in memory for many a year. Why now that we think of it, our earliest looking into the Hidden Valley—then unnamed—and also our first looking upon three sequestered bodies of mountain water—then also unnamed—which it



Lake Blanch in the Hidden Valley of the Wasatch

contains, is in the past quite near to the half-century mark. The Three Lakes Fork, so was known to the United States Geological Survey that steep and narrow gorge which leads into the Hidden Valley—a great mountain hollow perhaps it would be better to call it—held near to the sky on the north side of that mighty ridge or riven stone which separates the depths of the Big and the Little Cottonwood canyons in the central mass of the Wasatch range.

My Reader, let us establish a bit of confidence between us: for years and then more years, this writer has been blessed or troubled—as you please—with a dream. Not that to be so possessed with a dream is anything of singularity; life, sleeping or waking, being so largely made up of dreams. Only this dream is so persistent in coming and so reluctant in going. Up! Up! Up! Ever upward—alone and in eager haste and expectancy, we climb the Wasatch gorge. O, So many times we have thus climbed it, so many times, indeed, that when we have again climbed the gorge in reality, as many times we have done, we can hardly tell the actuality from the dream. Need one add that our dream is of our first climb to the Hidden Valley?

But, pshaw! We are led from dream to dream by some over-worked convolution of the brain. "Dreams," says a medical friend of ours and one whom we love, "are generally of a troubled nature because they are mostly produced by a disturbance below the dia-

phragm." Sure! Little this human knows about the result of action while we sleep either above or below the thorax, the midriff, only he knows that there was a dream within his dream and that it ended in trouble. He could *not*, although he attempted to do so in the dream, convey to others an understanding of the wonder and reality of that beautiful upper world and no doubt he will experience the same difficulty in this, his waking hour.

How marvelous are the senses! Seeing, tasting, feeling, smelling, hearing—for each one and all of the senses we are truly thankful! A sensuous pleasing in nature? Yes, and of the gift we are proud. O nature, we know, can be Puritanical; nature that can be seductive in beauty can be also aggressive in sternness; through the senses it can terrify, it collects our debts with interest. Yet in this matter of the senses we are filled with gratitude; the senses appeal to our religious sentiment and let the world class us with what sect it may, in our soul is a paeon of praise.

Upon the Wasatch heights, then, what rapture to pamper the senses! How delicious for the summer climber to lave his wrists in the sun-fed waters; to press his brow to the chill of the stainless and gleaming granite. How sweet the songs of the mountain birds; how rich upon the tongue the taste of the wild fruit! There is the fragrant, the pungent odor of the pines, the gorgeous colors of the alpine flowers!

It was a splendid day—that day nearly fifty years ago! It was a day never while life lasts to be forgotten by me. No one shared that climb with the artist explorer, not a human being met his sight. Is it not true that a man may be known by the game that he follows? Thus we may judge of Columbus, a Cornwell, a Napoleon, a Tyndall or a Darwin. Cosmos—the Order of Things! The great games are easy to understand, yet one must rest content if it be his fate in achievements in a lesser scale. We have known the explorer's zeal—a love for lake-hunting led us to the Hidden Valley, the consummation of the quest was to place in our sketch-book the first pictorial record of the hidden lakes. Not then had we read the words of the geologist, we were led upward by our desire and the ever-increasing lonely loveliness and grandeur of the scene. Remember, Reader, this was in the years ago; we know not what man has lately done to those scenes. "The Wasatch are the result of a profound break in the earth's crust. The western half of the range has been carried down beneath the level of the present plains leaving the summit of the wall in the form of a series of sharp, towering peaks. The range is for the most part composed of quartzite and limestone, although the center and nucleus of the immense curvature is a body of archaean rock composed of a great mass of granite, having its head exposures in the Cottonwood canyons which mass was once a veritable island, first to rise above the waves of the primeval ocean of all these



The Gnomon of the Great Sun Dial,      Waterfall above Lake Florence, Hidden  
Hidden Valley of the Wasatch                      Valley of the Wasatch

western heights—co-existent with the ancient continent of far-away Labrador.”

Upward, upward we climbed; at last we stood in the Hidden Valley. Before us were the Lakes; beyond still higher, above the groves of pines, was the naked granite—the great peak that was once an island, now the home of the eagles, though then the haunt of aquatic birds that looked at the sun through the mist of the world’s morning.

After these almost fifty years, then, this is my recalling of the Hidden Valley and the Three Sister Lakes—sisters in themselves, be it understood—they never met, those three fair young ladies after whom the lakes were named.

Unbroken solitude! In tender violet the upper heights; of ruddy gold, with purple shadows, the nearer crags and mighty walls; coldly green the lakes, each one lying still in its glacial basin. Like motley velvet the chaparral, like clouds the clustered aspens, dusky brown the groves of pine! Flowers, countless in kind, endless in hue, opened in the mountain gardens, the stillness would sometimes be broken by the cry of the marmot, the American ground squirrel, the badgers, with that strange squat motion of theirs ran across the debris of the cliffs; a screech, rasping and infernal, came once from a cluster



of spruce—the wild bob-cat; there were the tracks of the brown bear and the grizzly. In the shadow of the northern side of the Wasatch wall yet lay a mass of snow—strewn with wreckage of the pines—the depth of which one might hardly imagine. The slopes were fairly a-glitter with the thousand rills. High above one's head all that could be seen perhaps, of a mile of hurrying waters, were flashings as of falls of diamonds, successions of miniature cataracts. When the wind came down from the heights it brought with it a soothing sound almost like the hum of bees.

Nor must be forgotten the big damask-winged butterflies, nor the songs of the meadow-lark, the hermit-thrush, the purple-finch and the vesper-sparrow. Perhaps at this hour the scene appears the same. If so, then would that again mine eyes might look upon it!

Truly we are a believer in the psychology of names; that is, one may be affected through life by his own name; he may be through the name of another. And so of the naming of places. The Hidden Valley, Lake Blanch, Lake Florence, Lake Lillian, are not those beautiful names? For whom were those lakes named—why know? Or if one knows, why tell? There is a charm in the unknown, in mystery. There, for our part we let it rest. The Three Sister Lakes, in the Hidden Valley—that for us will suffice.

The Hidden Valley is glacier made. A thousand feet or more above the lakes and back of the Hidden Valley proper there is a huge hollow wherein the head of the glacier once rested. Below it the ledges are sloped and smoothly polished and the valley contains giant boulders which were dropped from the grasp of the ice-monster as it moved along and its lower part rested where now the streams from the gorge joins the main canyon torrent. Lake Lillian, Lake Florence, Lake Blanch—so lie the lakes, one back and above the other, all three joined by the mountain stream. Standing upon the causeway between the two upper lakes, Florence and Blanche, upon the day of our first visit we became aware of a singular fact. Looking up the Hidden Valley and beyond, the heights are pyramidal in form; looking down the valley the reverse is true, the view is then bounded by dome forms the interior lower shelves crescent so that some of the cliffs appear as vast flights of steps, each step curve-fronted. Above the lakes stands a mighty gnomon—a jut of quartzite five hundred feet in height, a wonderful sight, as with its moving shadow upon the snow it measures as upon a dial the passing moments of the untold centuries.

Some exaggerations? We hope not. And yet there is a glamor thrown over one's memory of the past. Since our initial visit we have climbed that gorge many times. We have passed through that narrow passage, gouged through the porphyry by the glacier of long ago, that is the secret entrance to the Hidden Valley and we have climbed the granite slopes above, but not of late years. Short are the seasons—

spring, summer, autumn, in the Hidden Valley, yet they are beautifully marked by the alpine tide of flowers.

In midsummer the Hidden Valley with its group of high lakes is a poem, a nature romance told in flowers, in snow and pine-groves, in water and stone.



Flowers of the Wasatch

## The Grand Canyon of Arizona

Well have they named thee, Canyon of the Grand!  
For nowhere else on earth's extended land  
Can such tremendous wonders e'er be found,  
Though search be made all this vast world around.

The mighty pyramids, by Cheops raised,  
Have caused the world to stand in awe amazed;  
Yet were this massive pile dashed into thee  
'Twould seem as a drop of water thrown in sea.

Her mighty walls were ancient Babylon's pride—  
Upon whose tops her chariots did ride—  
Compared to thee are as the ocean's spray  
That dashes on the rocks and fades away.

The mighty coliseum—Rome's proud boast—  
That held of people an enormous host—  
Placed by thy side would fade as does the dew  
When morning sun comes upward into view.

Truly this canyon has been named the Grand,  
For here the Father, with his lavish hand,  
Has gathered on such vast, tremendous scale,  
Such wonders, that all others fade and pale.

Of all earth's marvels thus far found by man  
None have eclipsed thee—still thou'rt in the van;  
Nor is it likely that we on earth shall see  
Such wonders as alone abide in thee!

*Salt Lake City,*

DAVID R. LYON.

# SCIENCE OF FARMING

BY H. L. JOHNSTON

There is no labor on earth more essential to the well-being of a country than farming. It is also one of the most dignified. Next comes the husbanding of sheep and cattle. Farming is the foundation of prosperity for nations, for when the farmer prospers and reaps larger crops, it stands a fact that the tradesmen and all dealing with the farmer will get a share of his blessing.

From Egypt a knowledge of agriculture extended to Greece where it flourished 1000 years B. C. Hesiod, who lived about 800 years B. C., describes in his writings a plow consisting of a beam, a share, and handles.

The advance in the art and science of agriculture in the United States during the last half dozen years has been remarkable, having had a tremendous effect upon the Nation's prosperity.

For many years it was thought that anyone could turn his hand to farming when he was unfitted to do anything else. That impression went hand in hand with the idea that all farmers sat astride a rail fence, chewed a straw and said "B' gosh!" and that he was the legitimate prey of all city slickers who had a gold brick or a set of patent lightning rods to peddle. During the last dozen years these people holding the idea outlined above have had their eyes opened to the fact that farming, when done right, is a science of the very highest order.

Of course there are still some farmers who belong to the "B' gosh!" class, but you will most generally find them struggling on some worn out land and bewailing the hard luck that gives them such scanty crops and so poor a living. They do not understand why their neighbors are doing so well on much smaller tracts of land. These same neighbors have tried to teach them the science of farming, the secrets of the soil, but they have been scoffed at, in many cases. The book "larnin'" farmer was scoffed at and the old school farmer went ahead taking everything from his once fertile acres and giving not one tittle in return.

Tell him that Nature is one vast laboratory and he cannot understand what you mean. Talk about Legumes and Acid soil and he will look at you in a queer manner. Nitrogen, fertility building, limestone, crop residue, and crop rotation, all seem a mystery. He will slave along blindly raising ten or fifteen bushels of corn to the acre and growl about his hard luck where, if he used the science at his very door, he could renew his acres and grow a bumper crop.

The U. S. Department of Agriculture publishes numerous pam-

phlets, to be had for the mere asking. These pamphlets contain the result of years of scientific agricultural methods. In every state in the Union can be found agricultural schools headed by men noted for their knowledge of the science of the soil. These men understand the innermost secrets of Mother Nature's Laboratory. There is no longer any excuse for a man to farm blindly, nor is there any excuse for anyone to be ashamed to be called a farmer. We now have such slogans as, "Better Babies on the Farm." We have radio, automobiles, and up-to-the-minute tools and machinery. We have telephones and parcel post, rural free delivery; in fact, we can hold a daily intercourse with the world from our own doorstep. Above all we have the pure free air of God's great out-of-doors, the boon of healthy exercise and the knowledge that we know every Tom, Dick, and Harry and all their folks for fifty miles around us. Compare this last blessing with the great city where everyone is a stranger and one soon feels like the "Babes in the Woods."

Stay on the farm. Be the backbone of the Nation and feel proud that such an honor rests upon you. If it wasn't for the farmer there would be no great cities, no railroads, no giant steamships, no modern wonders of the world; in fact, there would be—nothing.

*Tobar, Nevada*

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## Autumn on the Old Homestead

Autumn days at last have gowned everything in brightness round,  
And the gorgeous leaves of autumn lie shapeless on the ground.  
In the barns a garden heap, vegetables and fruit we keep  
From the icy hand of winter as he ventures forth to reap.

The lands that held the harvest of the summer's early toil,  
Now lie trampled and forgotten, as if poor producing soil.  
Round a leaping, crackling fire, sat the old folks in their chair.  
The snowy hands of winter had left traces in their hair.

The old homestead had been a home for four young lads,  
Who had hurried to the city for a career not quite like Dad's.  
But as autumn in her glory came creeping o'er the earth,  
They longed for Dad and Mother and the same old crackling hearth.

The tired couple dozed by the fire in calm repose,  
As the Nightingale out yonder sang its farewell to the rose.  
Just like the spring of seasons, passed the spring time of their life.  
They entered middle age prepared for toil and strife.

They endured till chilly autumn left its traces on their head,  
And winter cold as ever o'er the earth white blankets spread.  
Now they sit in patient silence listening to the winds that moan,  
Waiting ever for the reaper that will take them safely home.

FLORA D. ROBINSON.



# THE Y. M. M. I. A. LEADER\*

BY JUDGE THOMAS H. BURTON, SUPT. Y. M. M. I. A.,  
OF JUAB STAKE.

I do not believe that there ever was a time in the history of the Church, or the history of the world for that matter, when there was such a demand for leaders as there is at the present time.

In every profession, every occupation, every calling the world has a standing advertisement: "Leaders Wanted."

From all of the stakes and wards of Zion and from the mission fields there is a constant growing demand for men to fill leading positions in the Church.

"Wanted a man," is the crying need of the hour. A man who is not a coward in any part of his nature; a man who is well balanced and who is not cursed with some little defect or weakness which cripples his usefulness and neutralizes his power; a man who will not lose his identity or individuality in a crowd; a man who has the courage of his convictions; a man who is not afraid to say "No," though all the world says, "Yes."

The old adage that leaders are "born" not "made" is a mistaken idea. The mission of the M. I. A. is to search out, develop and train leaders for service, not only in the kingdom of God, but in the every day affairs of life, and there is no better organization in the world to develop and train leaders than in the M. I. A. organizations.

What we need is men who are educated all over,—through and through spiritually and intellectually; men who possess the rare qualification of leadership; men who can bring together those factors which make true success.

## *The Essential Qualifications of Leadership*

Some of the essential qualifications of leadership may be summed up as follows:

First, a testimony of the gospel. This is to me the first and most essential element and qualification of an M. I. A. leader, because the very purpose for which it was organized was to install in the hearts of the young men a testimony of the gospel.

Second, Example. "Example is better than precept."

Third, Humility. Be humble, if you would gain the confidence and respect of your fellowmen. Never allow yourself to become puffed up with pride.

Fourth, Work. A leader must not only be a man of thought,

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\*Delivered at the Y. M. M. I. A. committee meeting on Organization and Membership, June Conference, 1924.

but he must be a man of action. One of the prerequisites of a leader is work,—systematic, hard work. Don't underestimate this qualification. A man must have opportunity and capacity for work and apply himself diligently to his task. "Faith without work is dead."

Fifth, Foresight. Foresight is much better than "hindsight." The power to see ahead—the power to create—the power to do things.

Sixth, Initiative is the ability to rely upon one's self; to do the right thing, at the right time without being told. In other words, to carry the message to Garcia.

Seventh, Courtesy. Courtesy, thoughtfulness, kindness, etc., is a business asset stupendous in value and as free as the air we breathe.

Eighth, Appreciation. Cultivate the spirit of appreciation, if you would be a leader. Don't be afraid to express your appreciation wherever and whenever opportunity presents itself for the service of your stake and ward officers and to all others who lend aid and assistance in your work. It will pay ten fold for the investment.

Ninth, Friendship. If a leader truly succeeds he must foster and develop friendship. A man is measured by the friends he makes and keeps. Sympathy begets love. Love your fellow man, and he in turn will love you.

All business today whether it be religious, social or civil, is based upon confidence. Friendship is the stuff from which confidence is made. Permanent success in any line stands squarely upon the permanent rock of confidence.

Tenth, Unselfishness. Banish selfishness from your nature, and forget self in the welfare of others if you would succeed as a leader. Be very considerate, at all times, of the feelings of the officers with whom you have been called to labor.

Eleventh, Concentration. "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Concentration of energy is necessary to success. Many a man has failed because he chose to be a jack-of-all-trades rather than to be an unrivaled specialist.

An M. I. A. leader, if he truly succeeds must confine his main efforts to the work of that organization. The man who scatters himself upon many objects loses his energy, and, with his energy, his enthusiasm. He cannot act as the Superintendent of a Sunday school and the President of the M. I. A. at the same time and succeed as a leader in either.

Twelfth, Will Power. "Nothing is impossible to the man who will." "The world always stands aside for a determined man."

"Success in life as a leader stands largely upon the 'Will Power,' and whatever weakens or impares it, diminishes success."

"Where there is a will there is a way."

Thirteenth, Live Wood. Get rid of the dead wood in your

organizations. "Life's highway is strewn with failures, just as the sea bed is strewn with wrecks."

Many a leader has failed because his organization was ineffective, caused, sometimes, through discord, jealousies, misfits, lack of love for the work, etc.

Get rid of the dead wood in your stake and ward organizations. Nothing will retard the success of a real leader more than dead wood.

The forest is full of young men who are waiting for the opportunity.

Fourteenth, The Measuring Rod. No organization can exist without a leader. Your association will never be any bigger than its leader.

The work and achievements of your stake or ward organization will be measured, fixed and determined in a very large degree by the man who is chosen to lead.

Fifteenth, Love for the Work. "Blessed is he who has found his work, let him ask for no other blessedness." No man can truly succeed in this or any other work unless he likes his job. A leader must love his work, he must have faith in it, and he must have faith in himself to put the job over.

He must be able to "Take the 'ice' out of service."

Sixteenth, A Little Plan. One of the most essential qualifications of leadership is to have a Plan or Program.

You must lay your plans and execute them. You must go straight to the goal. You must not be led off from your purpose. You must not be pushed this way or that way every time some obstacle or difficulty is thrown in your path.

If you cannot go over it, then go straight through it.

Some people have the idea that if they "keep everlastingly at it," they will succeed. But this is not always so.

To work without a plan is as foolish, it seems to me, as a sailor going to sea without a compass.

Professor N. L. Nelson's key to success, as he used to give it to us in the old school days, at the B. Y. U. was:

1. To get at it; 2. To stick to it; 3. To finish it.

I have found it necessary in my experience to prefix to this rule one additional qualification which I think makes it more complete. In its modified form it would read:

1. To have a little plan; 2. To get at it; 3. To stick to it; 4. To finish it.

The application to this rule spells success, and success can be spelled in no other way.

It is said that the inscription on the tombstone of Joseph II of Austria reads: "Here lies a monarch with the best of intentions, who never carried out a single plan."

And so we find in our organization today. Good men, men of

faith and integrity, holding position of leadership, who never will succeed, worlds without end, unless they change their course and work to a plan.

Seventeenth, The Man With An Idea. One of the qualifications of an M. I. A. leader is to embrace new ideas and develop the same.

"Ideas go booming through the world louder than cannon." Thoughts are mightier than armies. Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots."

Look around you and you will find plenty of ideas left in the world yet. All good things have not yet been done.

Look at your cemeteries, your play grounds, your parks, your meetinghouses, etc., and you will find excellent ideas for service in civic improvement.

There are also thousands of abuses to rectify, especially in our community amusements. Cheap vaudeville stunts, low comedy, extreme jazz in the dancing, etc., each and all of which challenges an independent soul armed with a new idea.

The way to get ideas is to keep your wits open. Observe, study, think, and when the proper time comes, act.

Eighteenth, Stability. Stand for something. I have never found a substitute for honesty. I have heard of people going to the wall trying to find one. If you will visit our jails and prisons you will find a great many people who have attempted to find a substitute for honesty.

No man can believe in himself when he is occupying a false position, and wearing a mask; when that still small voice within is saying "you are a fraud; you are not the man you pretend to be;" the consciousness of not being genuine, not being what others think you to be, robs a man of power and character and destroys self-respect and self-confidence.

Stability is a necessary qualification for leadership.

Twentieth, Punctuality. "On the great clock of time there is but on word—N-o-w."

It is said that, "Success is the child of two very plain parents: punctuality and accuracy." There are critical moments in every successful life, and in every successful plan.

There is a well known truism which reads:

"That which may be done at any time, will be done at no time."

As leaders of the M. I. A. you are charged with the responsibility of performing certain services in the season thereof: Unless this is done, at the proper time, your work will be a failure.

Among these tasks may be mentioned the canvas for the *Era*, the campaign for the fund and the life membership, and other general and special activities.

Promptness in taking care of these things will take the drudgery out of your work if done with dispatch, at the proper time.



"Putting off, usually means leaving off, and going to do, becomes, going undone."

"Doing a deed is like sowing a seed; If not done at the right time it will be forever out of season."

"To-morrow," is the devil's motto. "Its victims are the wrecks of half finished plans and unexecuted resolutions." It is a favorite refuge of sloth and incompetency."

"Strike while the iron is hot," and "make hay while the sun shines," are golden maxims, which should be adopted and practiced by every M. I. A. leader if he would succeed in his work.

Last but not least,

Twenty First, Self-confidence. Self-confidence is one of the most essential qualifications of leadership.

If you doubt your ability to do what you set out to do; if you think that others are better prepared to do it than you; if you are afraid to lead out and take a chance, you can never succeed as a leader, until you change your mental attitude and learn to have faith in yourself.

"A stream cannot rise higher than its source." The height of one's possibilities are measured, fixed and determined by his self-confidence.

"According to your faith so be it unto you."

Our faith is a very good measure of what, as leaders, we will get out of the M. I. A. work.

We must not only believe that we can succeed, but we must believe it with all our hearts. We must have positive conviction that we can succeed.

There must be vigor in our expectations, in our faith, in our determination and in our endeavor. We must resolve with the energy that does things.

Many people make very poor leaders, because there is no vim and no vigor in their efforts.

They are what we call "weak-backs" and their resolutions are therefore spineless. There is no backbone in their endeavor,—no grit in their ambition.

I take it that the reason so many of us are so narrow and pinched up in our beings is because we do not have faith in ourselves. We are not bold enough. We are too cautious.

Now right here let us not be mistaken in the term. Self-confidence is no egotism.

Self-confidence is knowledge, and it comes from the consciousness of possessing the ability requisite for what one understands.

It is an established fact that civilization today rests upon self-confidence.

There is nothing that will multiply one's ability like self-confidence, or self-faith, if you choose to call it such.

It can make a man with one talent a success while a man with a hundred talents without it, would be a failure.

If you would succeed as a leader in the M. I. A., you must expect big things of yourself.

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## A Prophecy and its Fulfilment

BY BISHOP TALIESIN EVANS

The good book says, "that not a jot nor a tittle" of God's word shall fall to the ground unfulfilled.

Back in the 80's when Daniel H. Wells presided over the European mission, myself in connection with my father and mother and the rest of the family, attended a conference at Merthyr-Tydvil, at that time the headquarters of the mission in Wales; President Wells came down from Liverpool, England, and, as I remember now, he was becoming very feeble with age and poor health. The Evans family furnished the singing for the conference, President Wells was very much impressed with our singing, and walking down from the platform he placed his hand on my head and uttered these words, "My dear little brother, you have a beautiful voice, and in fact the singing of the family has been an inspiration to our conference; you shall have the privilege of singing in our great Tabernacle at Salt Lake City, Utah." I was about thirteen years old and you can imagine the thrill that went through me when that man of God uttered those prophetic words. From that time until the fulfilment of the prophecy, which was years after, I wondered many times how that was going to come to pass, for I always looked forth to this as a special privilege.

In 1902, I was requested, by Prof. Henry E. Giles, to sing a solo with chorus at the Welsh Reunion, at Saltair Beach. The next day after the Reunion, Prof. Giles gave an organ recital in the Tabernacle for the benefit of the Welsh people, who had come from many quarters of the state, including Carbon county. I had no idea that I was to sing again at the recital; however, in walking up the aisle, Prof. Giles hailed me; one of my brothers remarked to the other, as I turned back, and said, "The prophecy of Daniel H. Wells will be fulfilled in Taliesin to-day, for I am sure Prof. Giles will want him to sing." And such was the case. In addition I will say that President Wells also prophesied during the meeting, and, as I can remember, every word came true. God's word never fails.

I submit these few lines in hopes they will be faith-promoting to many of our young people.

*Sunnyside, Utah*

# MAKING RECREATION FUNCTION AS A MORAL AGENCY\*

BY BISHOP H. C. IVERSON, MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD  
Y. M. M. I. A.

The most direct and forceful statement I have read on this important subject is this by Jane Addams: "Amusement is stronger than vice and it alone can stifle the lust of it." This is a wonderful assertion. Is it technically correct? So far as human agencies are concerned I believe this to be largely if not wholly true. But if in our consideration we include the Divine Influences I would boldly declare there is nothing so potent as the guiding, purifying and sustaining influences of the Spirit of the Lord.

Recreation undoubtedly possesses basic principles of education, character building, and spiritual development, and therefore the responsibility of directing the recreational activities of the Church is indeed a sacred one.

It is a noteworthy fact that a great many eminent characters are evidencing deep and sincere interest in this important phase of human welfare. In a recent address delivered by President Coolidge to a group of recreational leaders, he recognized the value of recreation as a great, harmonizing, and moralizing force. Among other statements is the following: "In the case of a people which represents many nations, cultures and races, as does our own, a unification of interests and ideals in recreation is bound to wield a telling influence for solidarity of the entire population. No more truly democratic force can be set off against the tendency to class and race than the democracy of individual parts and prowess of sports." In all our larger communities, and in most of our stakes and wards, are people who represent many nations, cultures, and races and also various moral and religious ideals. As members and officers of the Church of Jesus Christ, the greatest mutual improvement organization on earth, it is not only our blessed privilege but our religious duty to employ the most effective influences at our command in our effort to break down all social and religious barriers, to exalt and unify interests and ideals.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, which met in the First Baptist Church in Indianapolis on the 13th day of December 1923. "In view of the country-wide unrest, of the increasingly apparent, unwholesome effects of our machine-age upon the life and spirit of industrial workers, of the strains of our modern civilization, of the

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\*Given before the section of Adolescent Recreation, M. I. A. June Conference, 1924.

perils of youth arising out of commercialized amusement, it is recommended that increasing attention be given by all of our churches and local federations to the subject of recreation and the application of its deeper principles of education, character building and community enrichment." This Council speaks of the unwholesome effects of our machine-age upon the life and spirit of industrial workers. Were this machine-age influence, which is so destructive of initiative and development confined to industrial activities and to industrial workers, the tragedy would not be so great, but it is invading nearly every field of human interest, and humans are fast becoming unthinking machines.

In a recent number of the *National Recreation Association Magazine*, Adolph Huxley registers a vigorous protest against machine-made or ready-made recreation of the Twentieth century, styling it the worst type of auto-intoxication. He says, "Of all the various poisons which modern civilization, by a process of auto-intoxication, brews quietly up within its own bowels, few, it seems to me, are more deadly (while none appear more harmless) than that curious and appalling thing that is technically known as pleasure. What nightmare the word evokes. The horrors of modern pleasure arise from the fact that every kind of organized distraction tends to become progressively more and more imbecile. There was a time when people indulged themselves with distractions requiring the expense of a certain intellectual effort. Their pleasures were intelligent and alive and it was they who, by their own efforts, entertained themselves. We have changed all that. In place of the old *wholesome* pleasures demanding intelligence and personal initiative, we have vast organizations that provide us with ready-made distractions, distractions which demand from pleasure-seekers no personal participation and no intellectual effort of any sort. These effortless pleasures, these ready-made distractions that are the same for everyone over the face of the whole western world, are surely a worse menace to our civilization than ever the Germans were. The working hours of the day are already, for the great majority of human beings, occupied in the performances of purely mechanical tasks in which no mental effort, no individuality, no initiative are required. And now, in the hours of leisure, we turn to distractions as mechanically stereotyped as our work. Add such leisure to such work and the sum is a perfect day which it is a blessed relief to come to the end of."

I cannot but feel that our own tendency to commercialize amusements or recreation is bearing unwholesome fruit and I sincerely pray that the day will speedily come when this practice will be abandoned.

Joseph Lee, President of the Playground and Recreational Association of America, says, "The thing which it is the purpose of the Playground and Recreational Association of America to promote is not only allied to religion but is an aspect of religion, for the good and



the beautiful are not merely two parts but two dimensions of that which by our natures we are compelled to seek."

In our statement of purposes or objectives we have emphasized the religious aspect, for we say, "The organization and activities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints are essentially moral and spiritual. All the activities under the direction of our Church organizations should contribute to the making of true Latter-day Saints." We further say that the recreational program of the M. I. A. must do more than provide amusement. Through it we must emphasize the fundamental ideals and standards of the Church. In other words, we must be true to the Faith. If there is anything virtuous, lovely, or of good report, or praiseworthy, we seek after these things. With this most sacred purpose in view would not the commercializing of our recreation savor of commercializing at least a very important aspect of our religion?

The Apostle James says that pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world. It is our sincere desire to keep our young men and young women unspotted and uncontaminated by the sins of the world, so the sacred duty which has been imposed upon us is truly an important part of our practical religion. In conclusion may I urge that in our efforts we heed the very choice and helpful admonition of President Brigham Young to Dr. Karl G. Maeser when he sent Brother Maeser to Provo to establish the Brigham Young University. President Young said, "Brother Maeser, don't attempt even to teach the multiplication table without the Spirit of the Lord." May we enjoy the inspiration and power of our holy calling I earnestly pray.

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## An Old Folks' Psalm

(To be Sung in Concert at an Old Folks' Day gathering.)

We thank thee, Lord, for this earth so fair  
For the heavens above with their beauty rare  
For the rocks and the rills and the glorious hills  
And all things living whose million tongues  
Raise a song to thee for thy loving care.

And we pray thee, Lord, that the time may come  
When the men of every clime and tongue  
Shall love the aged for the work they've done  
Shall steady their feet to the foot of the hill  
And across the ford to that bright road  
That leads to the gates of that home over there.

*Salt Lake City, Utah*

WM. H. BURTON.

# HOW I WAS CURED OF PROCRASTINATION

BY GLEN PERRINS

"Now George, remember to get those cows in before dark," cautioned father as he grasped the reins and drove for town.

The book I held in my hand was a small volume by Edgar Allan Poe, and I was very much interested in "The Murderers of Rue Morgue." I looked up at the clock.

"Plenty of time yet," I murmured to myself, as I curled up on the cushions by the fire.

The blaze was warm. I soon began to doze, and before I knew it I was asleep—I awoke with a start thinking a giant ape was chasing me around the haystack. Imagine my astonishment when I glanced at the clock and saw that I had been asleep over two hours and a half. How dark it was outside!

A drizzling rain was falling and a strong wind blew the drops against the windows. The cows were out in the storm. What would father think of me? I took the lantern from the shelf, snatched my hat from the hook and started off up the canyon shivering and shaking, partly from the cold and partly from fear.

I had taken only two or three steps when I stumbled over a large rock. Crash went the glass chimney of the lantern. A blanket of darkness fell about me.

Then, as I looked ahead, I saw something come rolling down the path. I was too frightened to run. I stood still clutching the broken lantern tightly in my right hand, prepared to swing it if need be. When the object, dim in the night, brushed against me I brought the lantern down with all my might. My hand was scratched a little as the thing easily crashed to the ground. It was a large tumble weed.

"That was a close shave," I said aloud, and the echo from the other side of the canyon answered, "shave." "If I ever get home safe I'll never put off getting the cows until after dark again."

For a while I did not heed the trees that seemed to bend toward me, or the dismal sighing of the branches. But, after a time, I began to see shapes behind the stumps. They seemed to rush at me as I went by. As I entered the pasture I thought I saw something move. Sure enough, it did move! I came toward me. Faster and faster it came. Again I could not run. I became so frightened that I sank to my knees, and put my arm over my eyes to try and shield off this terrible phantom of the night.

Then, as it was nearly upon me, I heard a long drawn out moo-oo, and Bess, the brindle cow, came up beside me.

Safe! But cured of procrastination. The cows were in before dark after that.

*Salt Lake City*

# PROPHECY AND HISTORY

A Study for the Advanced Senior Class M. I. A., 1924-25

BY PROF. LEVI EDGAR YOUNG, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH

HISTORY—THE FOUNDING OF UTAH

*Introduction by the Committee of the General Board*

For the study of this class in "Prophecy and History," for the coming season, there will be twelve lessons on *The Founding of Utah*, and twelve lessons on the Book of Mormon. The historical lessons will be given first and are prepared by Elder Levi Edgar Young of the First Council of Seventy.

The settlement and development of the West is more closely related to us than any other discussion of American history. The history of the Church and the history of the west are interwoven with a many-sidedness of interest. A knowledge of what heroes and heroines have done inspires the heroic within us.

An appreciation of the parents of the past helps us in honoring the parents of the present, thus sustaining and emphasizing the M. I. A. slogan for this season: We Stand for the Commandment, Honor thy Father and thy Mother.

The text has received the commendation of high educational authorities. The author of the text is a recognized authority on western history.

The course of lessons will require a study, not a mere reading of the message. It will require a long time and a lot of hard work to prepare the lessons but the labor will be intensely interesting. The text for these lessons is *The Founding of Utah*, by Levi Edgar Young, and may be obtained at the book stores for \$1.75. Each class must have a copy, and it would be well for each student to possess the book for study.

*Note by the Author*—You are to study the Founding of Utah or how the pioneers began the work of redeeming the vales of the Great Basin, and changing them into beautiful private homes and gardens. The book is divided into four parts, all of which deal with the important features of the State's history. In studying *The Founding of Utah*, the reader should not feel that history is the mere learning of facts. History is, as Frederick Harrison says, the taking of facts and weaving them into principles of life which peoples have stood for. Facts are the means of teaching how people think, their habits of mind, in other words. So in your study of Utah's history, note carefully peoples' motives and the ideals for which they worked. Learn to gather historical material and seek out the pioneers who are still living and obtain their life's history. It is hoped that the book *The Founding of Utah* will stimulate a greater love and patriotism for Utah and her people.

## Part I

Part I deals with the pre-pioneer history of the State of Utah. It tells something of the natural beauty and physical features of the country, as well as the first people—the Indians—who inhabited these valleys.

Then comes the story of the early day trappers and explorers who became acquainted with the rivers and lakes, the mountains and valleys of the Great Basin.

The Oregon Trail was opened up between the Missouri river and the far west, and this trail became the highway for the migration of Americans to Oregon, California, and Utah in the forties.

The long period of history before the advent of the "Mormon" pioneers is a story of adventure and self-sacrifice on the part of some of the most splendid characters in American history.

Lesson I.—Read Chapters 1, 2 and 3.

They Are Entitled: "The Land of Sunshne," "The Indans of Utah,"  
"The People of the Long Ago."

*Questions and Problems*

1. Tell something of the beauties of your State.
2. What parts are just becoming known?
3. Why is the Great Salt Lake so world-famed?
4. What are the natural resources of Utah?
5. Why are we interested in the Indians?
6. The Cliff Dwellers?
7. What is the origin of the American Indians according to the *Book of Mormon*?
8. Do you think the Indians will come to understand the gospel of Jesus Christ? Why?
9. Tell something of the Indian legends.
10. Try to read Longfellow's "Hiawatha" and tell something of the nature of the Indians?
11. Is our government today doing anything to help the Indian? If you will write a letter to the department of Indian Affairs at Washington, it will send you information as to what the government is doing. (At the University of Utah or in the Bureau of Information, on Temple Block, Salt Lake City, you will find a splendid collection of relics from the Cliff Dwellings. Visit these places if you can.)
12. Where else have the great remains of ancient America been found? (In Mexico, Yucatan, Central America, and Peru are the temples, cities, and roads of the ancient peoples of America.) Read something from Prescott: *The Conquest of Mexico* or *The Conquest of Peru*, and you will find much valuable information concerning the Aztecs, Mayas, and Incas, and the ancient peoples of the south.

Lesson II.—Read Chapters 4, 5 and 6

*Subject Matter*

They tell about the time when the Great Basin belonged to Spain, The Fur Traders of the Wasatch, and on the Oregon Trail in the 30's. Spain conquered the southwest as early as 1603, when the Spaniards began the colonizing of the country north of the Rio Grande. Santa Fe in New Mexico was founded in 1603 by Onate. The first explorer of Utah was a Franciscan priest named Escalante. They came as far north as Utah Lake in 1776. Then the fur traders penetrated the Wasatch mountains in search of beaver skins as early as 1825. Beaver skins found a ready market in St. Louis, New York and the commercial cities of Europe. Jedediah Smith was a member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and was the first to explore the vales of Utah. This was in 1826-27. James Bridger discovered the Great Salt Lake in 1825, and Peter Skene Ogden of the Hudson Bay Company came as far south as what is now Ogden river and planted a little fort in 1825-26. You will be interested in reading about the missionaries of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Catholic churches who went over the trail to Oregon in the thirties, where they established missions. The first companies of pioneers came in wagons in the early forties, and the Donner party's sad fate is one of the tragedies of the West.



*Questions and Problems*

1. Tell about the exploration of Escalante. Why was he trying to find a way to California?
2. Tell the story of Jedediah Smith, Peter Skene Ogden, and James Bridger. (James Bridger is called "The grand old man of the Wasatch.")
3. Why do you think the Indians were interested in the *Bible* in the early thirties? Do you think they had heard of *The Book of Mormon*?
4. Give something of the life of Marcus Whitman, Samuel Parker, Jason Lee, and Father de Smet.
5. You will be interested in the story concerning the early missionary movement to the Far West in the thirties.

*Story of the Missionary Movement to Oregon*

In 1832, four Indians appeared on the streets of St. Louis, "wan and haggard" after a journey of many hundred miles from the wilds of the Far West. They were Nez Perces and Flat Heads. They explained that they had heard of the white man's "Book from Heaven" and they had come to find it. General George Clark, commander of the military post at St. Louis entertained these visitors. They were shown about the frontier town, which to the Red Men was the civilization of the pale faces. Two of these Indians soon died. Before returning to their homes, General Clark gave the other remaining two a dinner. A number of military officers and citizens were present. These two Indians were called *Rabbit Skin Leggings* and *No Horns on his Head*. At this dinner they were told about the Bible and the desire on the part of the whites to treat the Indians with justice. One of the Indians arose and spoke his thoughts. They had been disappointed in that no one was to return to their people with the "Book from Heaven." This is what one of the Indians said:

"I came to you over a trail of many moons from the setting sun. You were the friend of my fathers who have all gone the long way. I came with one eye partly opened, for more light for my people who sit in darkness. I go back with both eyes closed. How can I go back blind to my blind people? I made my way to you with strong arms, through many enemies and strange lands, that I might carry much back to them. I go back with both arms broken and empty. The two fathers who came with me—the braves of many winters and wars—we leave asleep here by your great water. They were tired in many moons and their mocassins worn out. My people sent me to get the white man's "Book from Heaven." You took me where you allow your women to dance, as we do not ours, and the *Book* was not there. You took me where they worship the Great Spirit with candles, as we do not ours. The *Book* was not there. You showed me images of the Great Spirit and pictures of the good and the beyond, but the *Book* was not among them. I am going back the long trail and sad trail to my people of the dark land. You make my feet heavy with burdens of gifts, and my mocassins will grow old in carrying them, but the *Book* is not among them. When I tell my poor people, after one more snow, in the Council, that I did not bring the *Book*, no word will be spoken by our old men, and our young braves. One by one they will rise and go out in silence. My people will die in darkness, and they will go on the long path to other hunting grounds. No white man will go with them and no white man's book to make the way plain. I have no more words."

As a consequence of the visit of these Indians to the confines of civilization, Marcus Whitman, Dr. Samuel Parker, Father de Smet, and other missionaries began their work among the tribes of the Northwest during the thirties. Many Indians were converted to Christianity, and these noble missionaries did a great work in teaching the Red Men the Bible and its meaning.

## Lesson 3.—Read Chapters 7 and 8

*Subject Matter*

They will tell you about some of the early day explorers into the Great Basin. You should know something about the life of John C. Fremont, Captain Bonneville, and Zenos Leonard. These men explored the Great Basin, and if you will obtain the very interesting book of Washington Irving entitled *Captain Bonneville*, you will be interested in reading about this famous explorer and his many experiences in the West. One of the most famous old books ever written on the West is that of J. C. Fremont entitled: *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains in the Year 1842*, and to *Oregon and California in the Years 1843-44*, by Brevet Captain J. C. Fremont of the Topographical Engineers. The following is what Fremont wrote about the Great Salt Lake, in 1843:

"August 21. An hour's travel this morning brought us into the fertile and picturesque valley of the Bear River, the principal tributary of the Great Salt Lake. The stream is here 200 feet wide, fringed with willows and occasional groups of hawthornes. We were now entering a region which for us possessed a strange and extraordinary interest. We were upon the waters of the famous lake which forms a salient point among the remarkable geographical features of the country, around which the vague and superstitious accounts of the trappers had thrown a delightful obscurity, which we anticipated pleasure in dispelling, but which in the meantime, had a crowded field for the exercise of the imagination.

"In our occasional conversations with the few old hunters who had visited the region, it had been the subject of frequent speculation; and the wonders which they related were not the less agreeable because they were highly exaggerated and impossible.

"Hitherto, this lake had been seen only by trappers who were wandering through the country in search of new beaver streams, caring very little for geography. Its islands had never been visited; and none had been found who had entirely made the circuit of its shores; and no instrumental observations or geographical survey, of any description, had ever been made anywhere in the neighboring region. It was generally supposed that it had no visible outlet; but among the trappers, including those in my own camp, were many who believed that somewhere on its surface was a terrible whirlpool, through which its waters found their way to the ocean by some subterranean communication. All these things had made a frequent subject of discussion in our desultory conversations around the fires at night; and my own mind had become tolerably well filled with their indefinite pictures, and insensibly colored with their romantic descriptions, which, in the pleasure of excitement, I was well disposed to believe, and half expected to realize."

*Questions and Problems*

1. Tell something of the explorations of Bonneville and Fremont in the West. Read carefully what Fremont says about the Great Salt Lake as given above. Comment on it.
2. Who was La Hontan? What did he say about an inland sea?
3. Tell something about Father de Smet, the Catholic missionary.
4. Tell the story of the Donner Party. What were some of the reasons for their failure?

*Additional Subject Matter*

From the foregoing lessons, you will see that the possibilities of the Great Basin were not known. The country was considered a great barren waste. The following will give you something of an idea as to how the West was looked upon in the early part of the nineteenth century:

There were members of Congress who did not believe that the country west of the Rocky Mountains was worth settling. Congressman Bates of Missouri said:

"The entire region between the Missouri and Pacific, save a strip of cultural prairie not above two hundred miles wide is waste and sterile, no better than the Desert of Sahara, and quite as dangerous to cross. \* \* \* Today the extremity of drought prevails; tomorrow all except the hills are under water. Settlers could not be induced to remain there longer than two years."

Senator Mitchell of Tennessee said:

"The Rocky Mountains form our natural boundary on the West, and no man, even though he had the most prolific mind, could ever look forward to the day when our country with that boundary would be densely populated. If any other nation wants the Far West, let that nation have it."

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## Boys and Boys

Here's a boy wants a job where he's dressed in his best;  
Yes, a job where he won't have to dig;  
Where the hours are short,  
Easy work, and that sort;  
And a job where the pay is quite big.

Here's a boy wants a job, not a job with a hoe,  
But a job where his clothes will keep clean;  
Where his hands don't get soiled,  
And his shoes won't get spoiled;  
Such a boy you and I have both seen.

These two boys want good jobs, but they better walk off,  
Take a look, size themselves up and down;  
They're a very fine sample,  
And they set an example,  
Of a crowd of the boys in their town.

"Just how much will I pay?" asked a boss of these boys,  
"Well, I pay for live brains, pluck and grit;  
When you've proven to me  
That you have these—all three,  
Then I'll give you a job that is fit."

Here's a boy wants a job, he is willing to dig,  
But as yet he's not worth much big pay;  
There's success sure for him;  
In the end he will win;  
He takes joy in achievement each day.

Better work with a shovel, a spade, or a hoe,  
While you study to get a good start.  
There'll be character-building,  
While some other lives gliding,  
And the joy of just doing your part.

*Salt Lake City,*

ELSIE E. BARRETT.

## DO WE NEED A SAVIOR?

BY NEPHI JENSEN

One day a devout elder of the Church had a friendly conversation with a man, who professed no faith in the gospel. In the course of the conversation, the elder urged some strong reasons for believing in the divinity of God's great Latter-day work. The doubter became impatient and remarked rather proudly:

"I do not believe in authority in religion. I do not need a savior. I can save myself."

Is this man's boast based upon fact? Is his conclusion correct? Suppose we turn to history for an answer. Was there ever a time when all the inhabitants of the world lived above sin? History records no such period. Try another test. Has there ever been a perfect man? Yes, Just one. Did he keep free from the power of evil by his own strength? Mark his expressive words: "The Son of man can do nothing of himself." (John 5:19).

Man is a fallen creature. He is by nature disposed to do evil. The scriptures affirm this fact. All history proves the sad truth. In every age, greed, lust, strife, war and bloodshed have corrupted, distracted and destroyed the nations.

Can fallen man, by his own strength, rise to a life of purity? Can he by his own power conquer the forces of evil?

A simple illustration will help us answer these questions. Suppose life consisted of one single act. Suppose all one had to do in a lifetime was to carry a precious gem, from a rich man to the summit of a high mountain, and deliver it in a becoming manner to a notable and gracious personage in a castle, and the success of the undertaking depended upon its being done without a single mistake. Could any mortal of his own power accomplish this task?

"Yes," says the self-confident man. "What will you give me if I deliver the gem?" "A thousand dollars," says the man of wealth. "It is done," shouts the proud man. He fastens the gem securely upon his person, and starts up the steep mountain side. He does not know the person to whom the gem is to be delivered. He has never heard of him. He neither loves him nor fears him. But, inspired alone by the offered compensation, he struggles up the mountain side. When he stops to rest, a single thought passes through his mind: "When I shall have accomplished the task, I shall get my pay." Every step he takes is impelled by the same selfish thought. So the further he climbs the more sordid and ignoble he becomes. For it is a settled law of human nature that the longer one pursues a purely selfish course the more cold and hardened he becomes.



Suppose he should reach the summit, would he be able to make proper presentation of the jewel? Remember the person who is to receive it is a very notable and gracious person. Remember also the gem must be delivered in a becoming manner. Would it be fitting and proper for a person to deliver the jewel who has in his heart the sordid thought, "I don't know you. I never heard of you. I neither fear you nor love you. I bring you this gem simply because I am paid to deliver it?" Could anything be more inappropriate?

Let us now look at the problem of delivering the gem from another angle. Suppose the wealthy man should command one of his servants to deliver the gem, and threaten him with imprisonment if he failed. What would be the attitude and spirit of the servant as he trudged up the mountain side? We can easily think of the words that would describe his thoughts. "Stubbornness" and "sullenness" are the words. Every step he would take, his spirit would become the more hardened. When he reached the summit would he be able to make becoming delivery of a precious gem to a very gracious personage? Would it be proper to have the gem delivered hatefully and grudgingly?

We cannot do a single act perfectly when we are actuated only by either the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. It is only when we do something out of pure love for a superior, that our acts are perfect. If the jewel is ever delivered in a manner befitting the gracious personage, it must be delivered by some one who truly loves the noble dweller in the castle. But no one can reverence some one of whom he has not heard. We cannot love some one whom we do not know. So in the very nature of things only some one who has learned about the gracious personage could deliver the jewel in a proper manner.

Let us now look at the problem of delivering the gem from an entirely new point of view. Suppose a generous spirited young man should offer to deliver the gem. "I will deliver your jewel," he says, "What do you ask for your services?" inquires the rich man. "Nothing," replies the noble-hearted youth. "I have met the only son of the gracious man in the castle. He is the gentlest, wisest and noblest man I ever met. I have been led to believe that the father is just like the son. Through my association with this son I have learned to dearly love the gracious man in the castle on the mountain. I love him so dearly that it would be to me the greatest pleasure in the world to deliver the gem to him."

This young man starts up the mountain with the precious stone. He walks briskly, and with resolute step. There is a smile on his lips, light in his eyes, and deep joy in his heart. He is on the most delightful errand of his life. Every step he takes, his joy is intensified. Every ounce of energy he expends is turned into love for

the one he is going to honor. For it is a settled law of human nature that the more we do for another in the true spirit of love, the deeper and truer our love becomes. When this man reaches the summit he will be a nobler person than he was when he started. Through struggle and sacrifice for another, he purified his heart and ennobled his mind. He will be able to make proper and becoming delivery of the gem. He will be able to deliver it in the spirit of true love and reverence.

Jesus the Christ, came into the world to manifest God to the world. He was "Emmanuel, God with us." In all his conversation he spoke as God would speak, In all his conduct, he acted as God would act. In his personality he was a living photograph of the Father. In his torn, bleeding flesh he revealed the tender love of God for his children. In his victory over the grave he manifested the infinite power of God. Through this perfect revelation of the personality, love, and power of God, given us through the life and mission of the Son of God, we are led to love God, with that pure love which lifts all our thoughts, aspirations, and acts far above the coarse things of the selfish life.

Without this pure love of God which comes to us through the divine mission and ministry of Jesus Christ there is no salvation. Truly did Jesus say, "If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me." By the cords of faith and love the Christ draws us from the evil to the good, from the false to the true, from the coarse to the pure, from the unholy to the holy, from the imperfect to the perfect. We need a Savior.

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## Oh, Come, Let Us Seek God

Oh, come, let us seek for the God of our fathers,  
 The great and omnipotent Ruler of old,  
 Who once walked and talked on the earth with his children;  
 To know him and love him is better than gold.

To know him and love him with deepest devotion  
 Doth give me more joy than all treasures of earth;  
 I'll tell of his goodness from ocean to ocean,  
 And sing of his glory his honor and worth.

I'll shout what he's done for his dutiful children,  
 And what he will do for them now and alway;  
 In healing and guiding and blessing them ever,  
 His children who walk in the straight, narrow way.

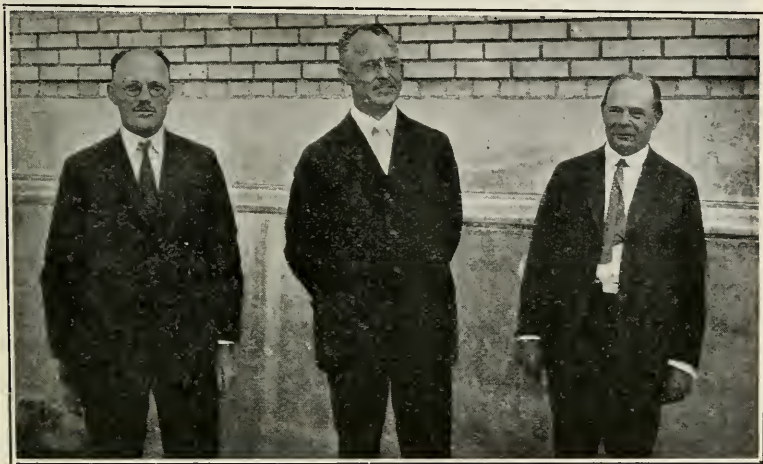
*Oakland, Cal.*

ANNIE G. LAURITZEN.

# IMPRESSIONS OF THE NATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL

BY ELMER G. PETERSEN, PRESIDENT OF THE UTAH  
AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

The first session of the National Summer School of the Utah Agricultural College came to a close on June 18, 1924. Assembled at Logan during the six weeks of the session was the most eminent group of distinguished educators and scientists ever brought together in a summer school in America. The list included such great



Left to right: Prof. W. C. Allee, University of Chicago, (Zoology); Prof. Eliot Blackwelder, Stanford, (Geology); and Prof. Henry C. Cowles, University of Chicago, (Botany). These three great teachers of the natural sciences who headed the departments at the U. A. C. National Summer School are pronounced the leading authorities in their fields in America.

leaders as are shown in accompanying photographs, besides Steiner of Iowa, John Adams of London, Shailer Matthews of Chicago, William H. Carruth of Stanford, E. A. Winship of Boston, and others almost equally eminent. President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard contributed a special article on education which was read on the occasion of the dedicatory services at the new Amphitheatre on College Hill, June 23, 1924.

The National Summer School has demonstrated three things: first, that the scenic, climatic geographical features of Logan and Cache Valley are almost ideal for the location of such a national enterprise; second, that there can be assembled a large number of students, sufficient to justify the expenditures involved; and third,

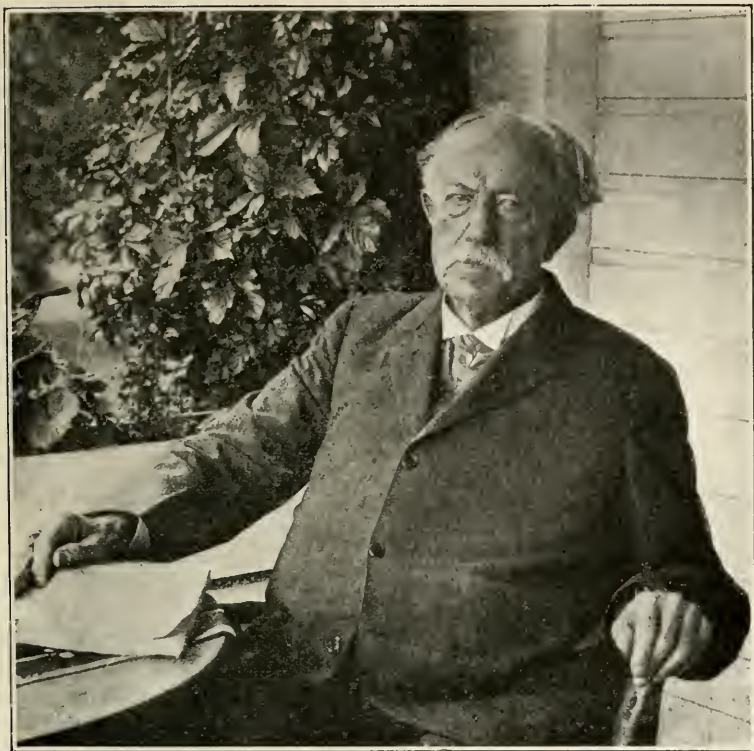


Part of the National Summer School Faculty. Standing: C. B. Gentry (Rhode Island); W. C. Allee (Chicago); Frederick J. Turner (Harvard); Thomas D. Wood (Columbia); E. G. Peterson (President U. A. C.); E. V. McCollum (Johns Hopkins); O. C. Reed (Ohio). Sitting: H. C. Cowles (Chicago); E. C. Branson (North Carolina); Elga Shearer (California); E. L. Thorndike, (Columbia)

that in quality the students compare favorably with the students of the greater universities and colleges.

The scenic and recreational values in Utah are greatly underestimated by our own people. The visitors were unanimous in pronouncing the College campus and the easily accessible areas about, such as Bear River Bay, Bird Island, Ogden Canyon, and Bear Lake, unsurpassed in beauty, in wealth of material for scientific study, and in recreational facility. Bear River Bay and Bird Island are probably the most prolific accessible breeding grounds for water fowl in America if not in the world. Bear Lake in coloring, and in scenic value otherwise, is a positively sensational feature of intermountain scenery. Ogden and Logan canyons rival the beautiful Swiss Alps in the beauty and variety of their topography. Add to these areas summer nights with invariably cool if not cold soft winds, sunsets of dazzling brilliancy, morning twilight of transcendent silvery beauty, and a perfect wealth of wild song birds, and myriad manifestations of other wild life, a profusion of native plants, and probably as informing a geology as is anywhere exposed, and you have an environment of unexcelled charm and interest to attract the





David Starr Jordan, President Emeritus of Stanford University. This remarkable photograph of Dr. Jordan was taken on the campus of the Utah Agricultural College.

scholar and student. Looking from the brow of College Hill Dr. McCollum pronounced the view equalled by only one other he had seen on earth, Berne, Switzerland. Within easy auto or railroad travel are Yellowstone, Bryce's, Zion's Canyon and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado.

There were enough students enrolled to pay fully all the expense of employing the special faculty and of advertising the National Summer School throughout America. Of course, such an enterprise need not be made self-supporting. Probably in few other ways could money be more wisely spent. Competent observers say that in its stimulating effect upon Utah nothing of recent years has surpassed in influence the National Summer School. A considerable expenditure could therefore wisely be put into it. Education is not supposed to be self-supporting. It is a good investment of the people's funds in their interest. That this first session is self-supporting merely indicates the great interest the people have in it and the great future it has.

One of the pleasant results of the School was the demonstration of the high scholarship and quality of our students. Speaking of his classes, probably the most eminent specialist present said that, all in all, his students at Logan were better prepared and more capable than his students of the previous summer at the second largest university in America. Professor Turner remarked about the great zeal and devotion manifested in his classes. Professor Branson in a similar way expressed high regard for his Utah students. Dr. Raymond Franzen, of the University of California who taught courses in psychology at Logan, wrote me as follows:

"When I gave my final examination in Educational Psychology I used the same questions following an identical course that I used for juniors and seniors in California University. This is a two hour examination constructed objectively so that its correction is mechanical and thus uninfluenced by the personal elements in scoring. The average of the Utah students was a little above the average of those in California and there were fewer failures. There were only three of the three hundred and twenty-two Utah students who fell as low as the point denoting failure (based on a much larger distribution) while seven out of the one hundred and five in California were failures, on the same basis. We are assured by this that the students in this class are well prepared to cope with work similar to the upper division courses of a standard university."

Such comment was practically universal among the teachers. The students, of course, were probably not entirely representative of our own state of the west. The National Summer School drew the better grade of students not only from Utah and the intermountain west but from twenty-three other states represented. Clearly we can assemble here a very superior group of students, not only sincere in their scholarship but innately capable and worthy of the best instruction.

One of the remarkable manifestations of the Summer School was the tribute it brought from our distinguished visitors to the people of Utah and what they are doing. Great questions are being asked of our civilization these days. And the questions are most searching ones about private personal morals, about family life, about the devotion of people to ideals, about children and how they are being reared and what they are being taught. These questions are searching out the size of families, and how the inferior and the superior breed, at what age girls and young men marry, how children are nursed, what food parents and children eat, what recreation they have, and what of their teeth and the quality of their bones, because these are dependent upon their mode of living. These questions relate to the ability of people to unite strongly in the tasks that are common to all men. Have people become grossly selfish as a result of the intense commercialism of the day? Is there left any great abundance of courtesy, sincere friendliness, and what might be called brotherliness which foregoes pleasure that others may be happy?

Here in the heart of the Rocky Mountains people have been trying for seventy-five and more years to so live that they will be entitled to the commendation of God. It cannot be expected that in that time the people have entirely stripped themselves of the habilitments of vice, selfishness, greed and all that goes with these qualities. To have done so would have rendered further habitation on earth by such people unnecessary. Their probation would have been ended. But have they measurably subdued the vicious animal tendencies in them? Have they by virtue of their great organization been able to accomplish social and economic results impossible of attainment without such organization? Have they become strong spiritually?

Keen observers on the National Summer School faculty say they have gone far along the great highway which leads to the exaltation of mankind. Professor Turner of Harvard in private conversation after careful and quiet observation remarked that:

"My best wish for all America is that the country were peopled throughout by such citizens as these." Later he said, "To the eastern student a summer in Utah would be an education in itself, a revelation of what the word America means."

Coming from one of the two or three greatest living American historians, many think the greatest, such statements are almost the verdict of history.

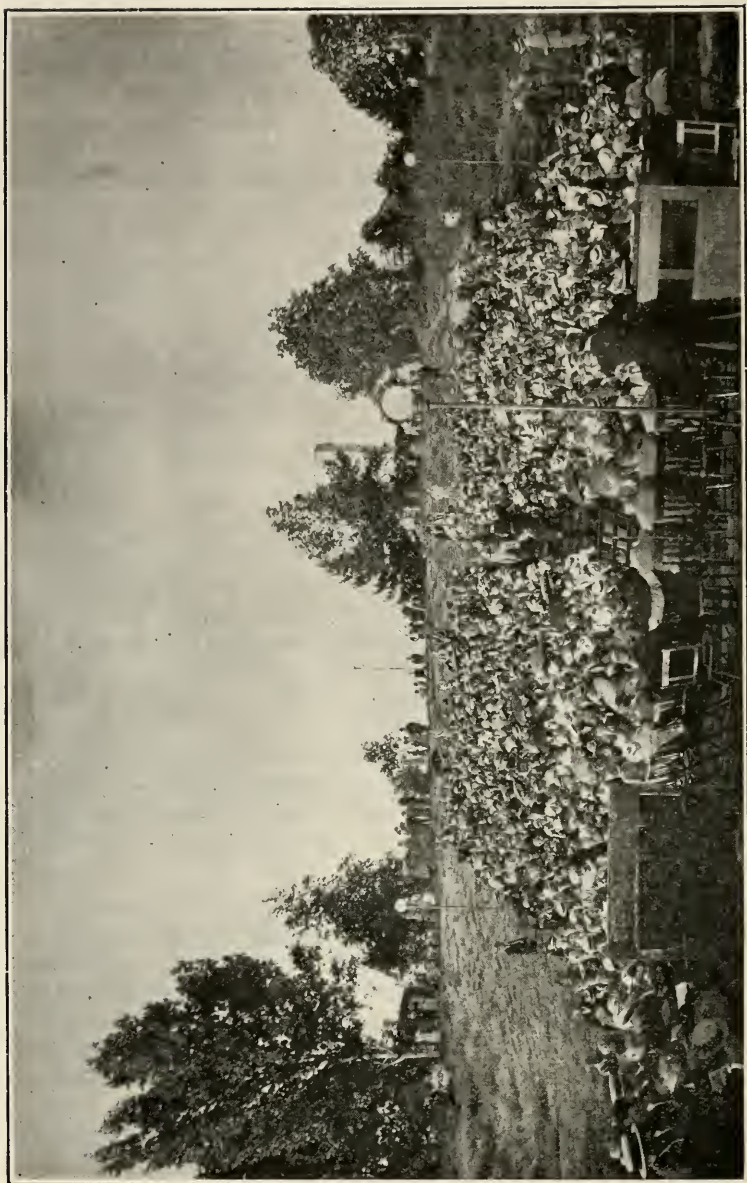
Dr. E. C. Branson, than whom there is no wiser student of rural affairs, paid high tribute to the organization operating here in the interest of great social accomplishments.

Professor Merk, of the Department of History of Harvard, likewise pronounced the Church organization in Utah "The finest in existence for the solution of social and economic problems."

E. A. Steiner, great international student and authority, remarked in opening one of his remarkable evening lectures at the new Amphitheatre on College Hill, "Nowhere on earth have I felt as here the spirit of God so strongly."

There were sharp lessons in life habits which the Summer School brought out. Dr. McCollum, world authority on nutrition, emphasized among other things the necessity of simpler diet, including, fruits and vegetables in the season thereof. These, our natural foods, are charged during their season with substances called vitamins, which Dr. McCollum himself was among the first to discover. These elusive substances are absolutely necessary for health. Their absence causes rickets, scurvy, skeletal defects and defects of the teeth, as well as many other disturbances of the body. Dr. McCollum expressed in one of his lectures the fact, as he stated it, that his audiences and students here had better teeth than anywhere else he had taught. Good teeth and proper diet go hand in hand. It was suggested to him that observance of the "Word of Wisdom" and the large number, comparatively, of children in Utah families who are breast fed, a necessary





Dedicatory services, Utah Agricultural College Amphitheatre, June 23, 1924, President A. W. Ivins presiding.



practice in large families, and not bottle fed, might account for the good teeth he observed.

Here is a startling truth later emphasized by Dr. McCollum in private conversation with the writer. The tendency of the American people as of all civilized people is to limit child bearing among the more intelligent, leaving the large families to the so-called lower strata of society. Girls accustomed to good homes are reluctant to marry young men early, young men of comparatively poor circumstances. They prefer, if necessary, typewriting, teaching, or similar work, which quite easily provides them the luxuries they crave. Later in life when their circumstances are improved or the circumstances of their prospective husbands are improved they may marry. Child-bearing by the girl of from sixteen to the early twenties is much easier than when in the late twenties or thirties. Usually, therefore, after the first child of a late marriage, the child bearing being so distressing, only one other child is born or perhaps no other children are born into the family. It remains for the cruder and less informed and those less inured to luxurious living to bear large families. Ultimately these, as a result, replace the more advanced peoples. Such is the history of every civilization to date. Such is the trend of our own American life.

There was a practically universal comment on the part of our distinguished visitors that the people here were kindly, courteous, sincere, and that there was naturalness in the lives which they led. Such, are a few only of the deductions made from the visit of these great scholars. Let it be said that they were found to be men of great personal probity, of high ideals, and of genuineness that was pure gold. Scholarship in its higher form as they represented it was not apart from outstanding integrity and devotion to humanity, which it was a privilege to witness.

These things, commendatory of our people, are mentioned not by way of flattery or even congratulation. They point the way, if we appraise them rightly, to greater achievement. Is it not becoming as clear as the white light of day that here is truth, clean, undefiled, waiting to exalt those who live it? There are mistakes, human mistakes, made in the name of our religion. There are small men among us occasionally who prate it and defile it. And there are many righteous men all over the earth; God is working with all his children. Yet here alone on the earth is the deep current which carries on to eternity. Here is the deep faith the like of which does not exist elsewhere on earth. Here is the method of living vouchsafed to us for our purification and strengthening. And here is the authority of God which keeps clean the great stream of truth that has come from ages past, and here the authority which replenishes this stream with new truth and with interpretation of the old. It is the plan of life and salvation.

*Logan, Utah*

## MESSAGES FROM THE MISSIONS

[The information and pictures sent to the *Improvement Era* by the faithful band of workers in the mission fields of the world are highly pleasing and entertaining. However, we can always improve and make this department of the *Era* more useful, faith-promoting and worthwhile. We offer these suggestions to our correspondents; if observed, they will increase interest:

Group and other pictures, as a rule, should not be offered that have appeared or will appear in any other publication.

The elders or missionaries pictured should have done something worthy, which something should be told and should accompany the portrait sent to illustrate the text. Let the picture show action, if possible.

Accounts of unusual experiences, journeys, conferences or gatherings, tersely stated, are wanted. The mere recital of who spoke, when, where and at what hour, does not appeal to the reader. He wants the life of the matter, not the dry minutes of the proceedings. We want impressive and faith-promoting occurrences, thoughts and ideas; new methods; rare travel events; answer to prayer, spiritual direction, interesting conversions, manifestations of the power and goodness of God, and kindred subjects, briefly and pointedly stated.—*Editors.*]

### Progress in the Mission Field

The records of the Presiding Bishop's Office show that during the first six months of 1924, there were 2,299 baptisms in the missions of the Church. Out of this number 1,010 baptisms occurred in Germany, and 1,289 in all the other missions, except the British, the report of which had not come to hand at this writing.

### Recent Happenings in Swiss-German Mission

From Elder E. Wayne Stratford, president of the Zurich conference of the Swiss-German mission the *Improvement Era* receives an account under date of July 3, of recent happenings there. Easter was celebrated in a memorable conference and Sunday school convention in Zurich. The occasion was honored by the presence of three mission presidents—David O. McKay of the European mission, Russel H. Blood of the newly formed French mission, and Fred Tadge of the Swiss-German mission. The Relief Society were delighted to have present Sisters Emma Ray McKay and Eliza W. Tadge, both Relief Society presidents. Other visitors included all the traveling elders, conference presidents of the Swiss-German mission and the various auxiliary officers. The members of the two Zurich branches proved very hospitable in taking care of the visitors.

During the three days the time was spent in the warm greetings, carefully prepared teachings, and farewells of their beloved visitors. All those present were strengthened in their testimony and faith to greater works by the kindly and inspired teachings of these servants of God, whose influence was sublime.

A branch conference was held in St. Gallen on June 8 accompanied by a baptism of six in the Sitter river. Conference President K. Eduard Hofmann conducted the meeting, and his fearless, faithful and fatherly admonitions were greatly appreciated.

The Winterthur branch held its conference June 15 in Winterthur, conducted by President Antone L. Skanky. Three very interesting sessions were held in which all organizations were reported in good condition and

inspiring gospel talks were made by the missionaries. Excellent musical numbers were given by the Winterthur choir and other talented individuals.

On Badener Strasse—a few minutes from the Wall Street of Zurich—is the meetinghouse of the Church. On July 2 in this meetinghouse the two Sunday schools of the Zurich branches rendered a program to which 150 people came. Fathers and mothers heard and saw their little children sing, dance, recite and act parts in their own unaffected and genuine manner. The ease and sincere charm of the pure little children touched the hearts of all present and warmed them with the power of the Spirit of the gospel.

The elders of the Konrad branch in Zurich, four in number, tracted a total of 500 hours during the month. Milford T. Herzog, Sunday school superintendent, set the record of the conference by tracting 140 hours and won the prize offered to the missionary tracting the most number of hours. He received a copy of the new edition of the German Book of Mormon. During the month May to June 20, thirteen elders tracted a total of 933 hours. A total of 3900 tracts were distributed, and 2364 gospel conversations were held, also 39 cottage meetings, all in the Zurich conference.



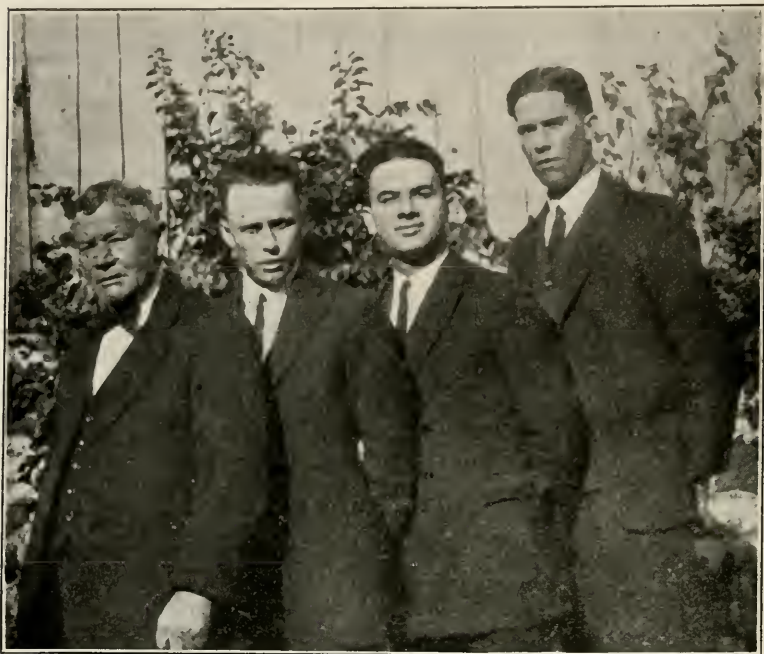
SAN BERNARDINO CONFERENCE MISSIONARIES AND MISSION OFFICERS  
CALIFORNIA MISSION

Left to right, front row: Frank Brown, mission secretary; Charlotte Stahr, acting Relief Society president; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Ira M. Bay, outgoing conference president; Josie B. Bay, Lila J. D. Brown. Second row: D. V. Farnsworth, Elmer N. Christoffersen, president Fresno conference; Agnes A. West, Lydia A. Ekins, president Primaries and Y. L. M. I. A. of the mission; Violet Jensen, Truman V. Rollins. Standing: Glen P. Vincent. Third row: Florence A. West, Myrtle Harris, Lillian Jensen, Constance A. Peterson, J. Claude Surrage, Lucille Brown, Elsie Hogan, mission corresponding secretary. Top row: Wm. W. Toombs, incoming conference president; Jesse P. Coombs, Jos. G. Jeppson, superintendent Sunday school and Y. M. M. I. A.; Wm. J. Cook, L. Brooks Abbott, F. Millan Peck.

## Many Friends and Investigators

Elder Carrol L. Olsen, writes from Launceston, Northern Tasmania, Australia: "This branch of the Church was closed for a number of years during and after the World War owing to a shortage of elders during that time, but was reopened in 1921 and the work has grown wonderfully. At present there are 25 members of the Church and many friends and investi-

gators. On the 11th of May President Don C. Rushton attended a conference here and all present enjoyed the meeting immensely. There were 41 in attendance at the evening session. We find much joy in our labors here and sense the responsibility resting upon us in teaching the gospel among the people."



The photo shows the elders as follows from left to right: President Don C. Rushton of the Australian mission; Lewis L. Pelkington of the Hobart conference, Smithfield; Carol L. Olsen, Hyrum; and Russell B. Tingey, branch president, Brigham City, Utah. These are all laboring in the Launceston branch.

"We appreciate the *Era* greatly. It is a wonderful help to us in our missionary work, and we wish you success in its future publication."

### From the Mexican Mission

Elder Myron F. West, mission secretary, reports July 12, that "The elders laboring in the Mexican Central conference of the Mexican Mission have had marked success throughout the various localities comprising this part of the mission. The opportunities for missionary work are especially good in the Federal District, in and around the capital of the Mexican Republic. The population of this field is well over one million inhabitants and as yet, only a comparatively small part have accepted 'Mormonism.' For the past six months nine elders have been laboring in the Federal District, five in Mexico City, and four in Tlalpam, D. F., and from there have been taking care of the fields of Cuernavaca and Chalco and part of Mexico City. According to their reports they are making good headway and the outlook for the future is very bright. The elders in the Federal District have had slight cases of sickness but all are well at present. Leland M. Mortensen,



who has been laboring in Ozumba, has been suffering from an attack of typhoid fever, but is slowly recovering and is soon expected to take up his work again in that field."



Elders laboring in Mexico City and vicinity, left to right, seated: John A. Peart, Salt Lake City; Edwin L. McClellan, conference president, Colonia Juarez, Chihuahua, Mexico; Clarence I. Foy, Panguitch; Joseph L. Nielson, Blanding. Standing: Chester O. Garlick, Ogden, Utah; Lawrence Lee, Rigby, Idaho; Herbert J. Hawkes, Logan, Utah; H. Floyd Davis, Mesa, Arizona; Dewey S. Farnsworth, Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico.

## Enjoyable Conference in San Francisco

"Sunday evening, May 18, brought to a close one of the most successful and instructive conferences ever held in the San Francisco conference," reports Kenneth A. Nielson, conference secretary. It opened on Thursday morning with a missionary Priesthood and report meeting, which lasted into the afternoon, after which the Oakland Relief Society banqueted the missionaries and visitors, while a program prepared by the Oakland missionaries was highly enjoyed. On the same evening at San Jose the illustrated lecture on "The external evidences of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon" was delivered by Joseph G. Jeppson assisted by Lydia A. Ekins. Sixty-five people were present at this meeting.

Friday was devoted to the Relief Society and Primary conferences. On Saturday evening the M. I. A. session was held, presided over by Presidents Joseph G. Jeppson and Lydia Ekins. Short talks were given on the social, moral and spiritual advantages to be gained in the Mutuals. The Sunday morning session was turned over to W. Aird McDonald, of the Oakland branch, in commemoration of the anniversary of the dedication of the Oakland chapel. Seven hundred people found seats in the building. Presi-

dent Heber J. Grant's dedicatory prayer offered at the dedication was read by Conference President Frank M. Edman. President Joseph W. McMurrin bore a powerful testimony of the power of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Reports of the six branches were given which showed a gain in membership over last year. The healthy condition of the conference is a source of joy and satisfaction to those devoting their time to the work of the Lord. The conference slogan, "Let us live the gospel" was again commended to the Saints. Thirty-eight baptisms have been performed this year, 24 of them being adults. The music of the conference, with excellent individual numbers, was furnished by the San Francisco and Oakland choirs, and could hardly be excelled in any ward or branch of the Church. At the Saturday and Sunday sessions, 2,000 people were in attendance and a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord was manifest in all the services.



Missionaries, top row, left to right: Henrich Victors, president San Jose branch; Ona V. Walker; Kenneth A. Nielson; Frank M. Edman, conference president; Joseph W. McMurrin, mission president; Niel L. Sagers. Middle row: Merlin G. Christensen; Joseph Hansen; W. Royal Hall; Valko L. Hickman; James D. Petersen. Bottom row: Belva Jones; LaPrele Owen; Elodie Sorenson; Phoebe McConnell; Lucille Nelson.

## Working Country Districts Without Purse or Scrip

E. G. Berntson, writing from Boston, Massachusetts, July 7, reports progress in the Massachusetts conference. "On May 23 the elders gave up their rooms in the cities and departed into the country districts, depending upon the Spirit of the Lord to guide them to the honest in heart to give them entertainment, and welcome the gospel message. At New Bedford,

Massachusetts, on June 29 and 30, the missionaries, Saints, and their friends met at conference, the elders reporting many interesting experiences, ranging all the way from sleeping under the stars to being entertained by priests and ministers. One minister permitted the elders to use his Church in order that his membership might hear of the restored gospel. The New Bedford conference was a decided success. President B. H. Roberts of Brooklyn, New York, was present. His inspired talks were enjoyed by all. The Saints and missionaries all left with the fire of rekindled faith in their hearts and with a determination to live and teach the gospel."



Missionaries of Massachusetts conferences, left to right, front row: J. L. Garrett, Nephi, Utah; Meta Anderson, Palo Alto, California; LaVerne Black, Twin Falls, Idaho; Ed J. Ellison, conference president, Layton; Julia Paxman, Nephi; Loa Christensen, Tremonton; J. C. Nelson, Provo. Second row: F. A. Biesinger, Salt Lake City; L. W. Fuller, Silver City; C. D. Petersen, Hyrum; R. W. Newman, Ogden; E. G. Berntson, Logan. Back row: J. B. W. Tiemersma, Salt Lake City; O. L. Eliason, Logan, Utah; Charles H. Andrus, Elba, Idaho.

## Close of the Japan Mission

"The accompanying picture is of missionaries laboring in the Japan mission, while assembled in a recent conference, at Tokyo, May 14 to 19 inclusive.

"The missionaries named below are those who were laboring in the field at the time the First Presidency saw fit to withdraw all missionaries from Japan. The last of this number are to leave for their homes August 7, 1924, almost twenty-three years to the day from the opening of the mission on August 12, 1901, when President Heber J. Grant and Brothers Louis A. Kelsch, Horace S. Ensign and Alma O. Taylor, arrived in this land to open this country to missionary work. Since the opening of this mission there have been a total of eighty-eight missionaries called into the field, each of whom has spent from one to twelve years in the spreading of the gospel among this people. Some few of this number have completed two missions in this land."—*Milton B. Taylor*, Mission Secretary.





Missionaries of the Japan mission, left to right, top row: Hilton A. Robertson, mission president, and Hazel M. Robertson, Springville, Utah. Second row: Ernest B. Woodward, Wellsville, Utah; Milton B. Taylor, mission secretary, Harrisville, Utah; William E. Davies, Plain City, Utah. Third row: Louise M. Browning and F. Wallace Browning, Sendai conference president, Ogden Utah; W. Lamont Glover, Sapporo conference president, and Sylvia P. Glover, Brigham City, Utah. Fourth row: Vinal G. Mauss, Tokyo conference president, Murray, Utah; Lewis H. Moore, Vernal, Utah; Rulon Esplin, Orderville, Utah. Bottom row: Arva B. Christensen, baby Lowell Haruo and Elwood L. Christensen, Osaka conference president, Brigham City, Utah.



# A BOY SCOUT'S DAY IN CAMP

BY DR. CARL F. EYRING, DEAN, COLLEGE OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.  
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY.\*

Nestled on the banks of Timpanogos creek, at the foot of the great mountain, the Boy Scout camp of the Timpanogos district council is located. As the tourist makes the ride over the Timpanogos loop, he sees between the Alpine Summer school campus, of the Brigham Young University, and Provo river, the sign "Boy Scouts of America, Camp Stewart" worked out in letters made from tree branches in a characteristic scout style.



Entrance to Camp Stewart Timpanogos District Council B. S. A.

The writer spent two weeks in this beautiful scout camp and has felt that parents generally would be interested in the activities of a typical scout camp. This is the reason for chronicling the events of a Boy Scout's day in camp.

All night the boys have slept under heavy quilts and blankets getting the most of sleep while night still reigns. As the sun's rays bathe the gray-green peaks with the light of a new day, into the still morning air penetrates the fine melody of first call. Dreams and reality are now mingled, and the scouts begin to sense that they must bid slumber goodby for another day. At the sound of reveille they are sufficiently awake to struggle into stockings, shirts, trousers, and shoes. The boys' courage now is surely to be tested Timpanogos creek is heard calling: "Come, my good scouts, fill your wash basins from my stream, dash my ice water over your neck, into your ears and about your drowsy eyes and feel the clean effect of an early morning wash." Each boy with courage responds: "It is so early in the morning, your water is cold, but clean I'll be, so here's for a fine wash!" Soon rosy faces and combed hair are the rule and not the exception at camp.

"Lineup," says the scoutmaster, "hands on hips place, now forward

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\*Dr. Eyring is Scout Commissioner of the Timpanogos District Council, Boy Scouts of America.

and back, so. Fine! Now raise your hands high above your head, breathe deeply of this pure mountain air." With these simple setting up exercises the boys become glad that they have parted with sleep and have greeted the fresh morning of another summer's day.

At the bugle call of assembly we see groups of boys marching in order from the six large tents, out from among the aspens, spruce and fir, to the clear space which surrounds the flag pole. Soon all the boys in camp, seventy or eighty in number, stand at attention facing the rising sun. At the command of the presiding officer the color guard steps forward, takes the neatly folded flag from headquarters tent, and then briskly hoists it to the top of the pole where it meets the gaze of loyal scouts at scout salute and receives a kiss from the first ray of the sun which filters through the aspens. A leader steps forward and thanks God for the light of a new day, for the joys of the beautiful scout camp, and for the food which is to be eaten that day—a scout is reverent.

Then the boys scatter to their tents soon to return with plates and cups which glitter in the sun light. The scout's delight, the bugle call—"Soup—soup—soup, etc.," sounds on the morning breeze and in two columns the boys file past the smiling cook who gives liberally of wholesome food.

Dish washing in steaming hot water, bed making after proper airing, are finished, assembly for general instruction is over and the boys are ready for the day's work and play.



#### STUDYING BIRDS, PLANTS, FLOWERS AND TREES

The morning is the period for scout instruction, the boys being divided into four sections. One section meets a nature lover who points out the characteristics of birds, flowers and trees—how the water ousel lives along the mountain streams both in summer and winter and makes its nest under the banks of streams and behind water falls, how the aspen is the nurse tree of the forest, how to distinguish the spruce from the fir, how the stick-seed forget-me-not comes after over grazing as a punishment to man, how to recognize the snow-berry bush, the Oregon grape and the mountain lover. Another section goes into wood-craft where knives and axes are sharpened, where ropes are spliced, and where native dead timber is made into camp seats, hammocks, hat racks, etc. The boy gets a real thrill felling a dead tree, cutting it into proper lengths and making out of it camp equipment.

He gets a real experience similar to that of his grandfather as he sits astride a real cooper's vice. The third section receives instruction in signalling, first aid to the injured, map making, fire building, cooking, compass, etc., receiving the ability to pass the tests required for advancement in scout work. The boys of the fourth section, first class and merit badge scouts, using native materials only make bridges, or build shacks with thatched roofs, or, using leather from the tops of old shoes, they braid hat bands and watch fobs.

At noon the bugle sounds first call, the morning work closes, and a hand and face wash is in evidence. Then again the delightful call, "soup—soup—soup—etc.," is heard and the boys are soon filing past the cook to the mess tent.

A second time the scout washes dishes; but why should he mind washing dishes three times a day when a spoon, a fork, a knife, a cup and a plate can be so easily cleaned in steaming hot water with the aid of a dish cloth tied to the end of a stick?

After a thirty minute rest or nap the scout is ready for the afternoon. He may go on a hike to Stewart Cascades, or through Bird Valley to the Big Tree, returning by way of Salamander Lake, or he may remain in camp to work on bridges and shacks or to pass tests which enable him to move up in the rank of scouting, or he may remain in his tent and read or chat with his pal. There are very few of the boys who spend an afternoon of leisure. Most of them partake of the real scout activity. An hour before sundown, after a hike, and especially after the day's hike to the top of Timpanogos, the boys may be seen enjoying the fresh water of an improvised swimming pool—a scout is clean.

Almost too soon old Sol approaches the near-by peak. Soon his shafts will disappear from between the branches of the blue spruce, and Old Glory must be lowered as it kisses the last rays a fond good night. From headquarters tent steps the bugler and first call is again heard. Boys are seen gathering around the tents and at the call of assembly they form near the flag pole facing the setting sun. Slowly Old Glory is lowered as the boys stand at scout salute. In each scout's heart is kept alive a love for the grand old flag and the ideals for which it stands.

Again the mess tent is filled with hungry boys and once more the food is used as a source of boy energy.

A camp council of all leaders is called, camp problems are discussed and camp policies are passed upon. Thus man and boy leadership has the chance to manifest itself.

An hour before dark the "chief" of games leads the boys in "hot breeches," buffalo hunt, chain tag, medley relay, etc. At dark the council fire is lighted. On stunt night, each troop puts on a clever stunt, and the boys sing wholesome foolish songs in real boy fashion. On court of honor night, scouts are awarded merit, second, and first class badges. After a good story, an inspirational talk, a benediction, and the singing of taps, the boys are ready for bed. They move slowly to their tents where again they are to meet sleep and rest in his strong embrace. Boy-dreams and the strains of taps mingle, a real scout day closes, and the boys go to play with the faries of the night. Over and over again with ever diminishing intensity the strains of taps resound. This benediction falls upon the sleeping camp:

Day is done, gone the sun,  
From the lake, from the hill,  
From the sky,  
All is well, safely rest,  
God is nigh.

At camp Stewart the successful boy scout day has been made possible by the leadership of Scout Executive A. A. Anderson, Professor J. H. Paul, Deputy Commissioner Roy Passey, Deputy Commissioner B. Glen Smith, and Camp Cook Elof Nelson.

*Provo, Utah.*



# CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

## Choristers' Manual—Lesson X—Interpretation

(Concluded)

BY EDWARD P. KIMBALL

In the realm of interpretation there are yet to be considered a few requirements, in addition to those already discussed under this subject, which are essential, and which still do not enter into the purely technical element of tone-production so far as to justify the only consideration of them under that head, which comes later. Tone-quality, or "timbre," to use a more specific technical term, has a large part in the interpretation of all music, though less important than either tempo or dynamics. The conductor has less control over timbre than over tempo and dynamics, as the former is a matter concerning the ability of the singers themselves to alter the quality of tone. But there are many passages in choral music which demand varying timbre in order to make it most effective; but in all such the chorister must be governed by reason and consistency, and not vary every line and phrase into a patch-work of varying qualities of tone.

To quote Gehrken:

"There are many passages in both choral and orchestral music in which the essential significance depends absolutely upon beauty or highness or plaintiveness or boldness of tone; and especially in choral music it is possible for the conductor to induce his chorus to bring out many more effects than is usually done. A positively ugly and raspy vocal tone may convey a certain dramatic effect that no mere variation in dynamics is able to bring about."

In support of the assertion that the employment of varying timbres, or "colors," as the great Garcia is pleased to call them, is essential, let the reader consider some thoughts on the subject as expressed by Garcia: "Expression is the great law of all art \* \* \* The human voice, deprived of expression, is the least interesting of all instruments." (*The Art of Singing*.) "Timbres are one of the chief features of a true sentiment; the choice of them cannot be neglected without committing absurdities." Another writer, H. S. Kirkland, *Expression in Singing*, continues the statement of Garcia in these words:

"Knowing as we do that the very nature of feeling is to change, it is an absurdity to suppose that concepts of widely contrasted emotional states, such as are frequently indicated in song texts, can be communicated through the use of uniform tone-color \* \* \* A stopped clock points the time accurately twice a day, but such accuracy is purely accidental. Similarly, an unvarying color, when the idea chances to agree with it, may for the moment be fitting or expressive, but an occasional coincidence of this kind is undesigned on the part of the singer, who, therefore, deserves no more credit for expressiveness than the stopped clock for accuracy. From this it is easy to understand Garcia when he says: 'Contradictory use of timbres explains why sounds that please in certain expressions, displease in others,—why a singer who never varies his voice gives only certain passages with truthfulness.'"

The technique of tone will be treated in a later lesson.



The discussion of interpretation will close with a short consideration of a very important element—phrasing, which in music is similar to phrasing in language. In both cases it is a thought, incomplete, and forming a part of some larger idea, which must be slightly, though definitely, separated from the preceding and following phrases so that it may be understood. Nevertheless, it must be rendered, in relation to foregoing and consequent material, so as to take its part as an integral part of the whole. It is necessary to emphasize the important words of a language and the most significant tones in a music phrase, as well as to subordinate the lesser important parts in such a way as to project the whole as complete and clear. It is not necessary here to draw attention to the importance of phrasing in the reading of a language, since one could scarcely convey the meaning of the thought groups to the listener without causing the important elements to stand out by stressing them and separating each from the other. While phrasing in music is not so easy to understand or to effect, because of the absence of symbolism, it is nevertheless quite as important an element in the expressive performance of music as it is in language. To quote Gehrken again:

"In order to interpret properly, the conductor must first of all determine what tones belong together in a group; must make the individuality of these groups evident by slightly separating them, but usually not the degree of distributing the basic rhythmic flow; and must so manage the dynamics and tempo of each phrase as to make its content clear to the listener."

In vocal music, the task is not difficult, because the composer has generally adapted his musical phrase to the text, and all that is necessary to do is to follow the phrasing of the text. The conductor may well be warned against the commonest faults resulting in poor phrasing, the avoidance of which will improve materially his choir's work. One authority cites as the most common mistakes the following:

1. Taking breath unnecessarily in the middle of a phrase.
2. Breathing between the syllables of a word.
3. Dividing a long phrase improperly.
4. Running over breathing places, where a pause is really necessary in order to bring out the meaning of the text.
5. Pronouncing the unaccented syllable of a word at the end of a phrase with too much emphasis.
6. Failing to stress the climax sufficiently.

These mistakes are most frequently made, because the singer fails to base his phrasing upon the text, but considers only the music. One can apply the principles of oral expression to phrasing, in music, with profit.

If one will examine sacred song texts he will often see the reason for careful phrasing. For example, if the poet writes:

Jesus lives! no longer now

Can thy terrors, Death, appall us!

and the choir or singer phrases it:

Jesus lives no longer now,

Can thy terrors, Death, appall us?

the result is not true, but this sort of thing is met constantly. Even in long phrases which cannot be sung without breathing, care must be taken to make the punctuation so that it does not change the text.

Subsequent lessons will deal in more detail with the breath and its effects. Sufficient has been given under the title of "Interpretation" to furnish the choristers with some definite helps in rendering properly any page of music closely in harmony with the composer's intention.

# THE CROWN INCORRUPTIBLE

BY MARGARET E. P. GORDON

In the first century of the Christian Era, no city of Greece was more noted for its beauty than Corinth. It had been destroyed by the Romans two centuries before, but had been rebuilt by Julius Cæsar with much splendor. At the date of this story, 57 A. D., it had much natural beauty which even the power of Rome had not been able to destroy.

The mighty rampart of rock towering upward to the height of 2,000 feet, the deep blue of the sea which gently bathed its shores, the shelves of terraced land descending in a rich succession of fertile gardens to the water's edge, were as lovely now as in the days of her greatest glory.

A few miles from the city stood the temple of Neptune, and near it the theatre or Stadium in which were celebrated the Isthmian games, so long an object of attraction, not only to the great, but to the whole civilized world.

The Stadium in which the foot races took place, consisted of an oblong space of level ground enclosed by a mound on which were erected tiers of stone seats. One end was semi-circular and the other square.

The length of the course was about 220 yards. At the square end on one side was the starting place. At the other end was the goal,—a pillar set up a few feet from the semi-circular bend. When the single course was run, this was the Winning Post. When the double, the runners passed the pillar and returned to the starting place. On one side of the goal were the seats of the judges.

The entrance to the Stadium lay through an avenue of trees, lined on either side with statues of successful champions; and the shores of the Gulf produced in abundance the groves of pine, from which was gathered the garland forming the prize of the contest.

It was a bright morning in early summer. A vast crowd had gathered to watch the games to be celebrated that day, and the seats in the Stadium were fast filling. The rivalry between the great cities of Greece was keen, and in the present instance it was known that the rivalry between the champions of the various States was likely to be severe. Wagers were freely made and large sums staked on the favorite.

Much discussion as to the relative merits of the contestants was heard. One youthful enthusiast asserted; "Athens will carry off the Pine Garland today,—let who will, win the other prizes."

"Make not so sure of that," said a dark browed Spartan. "Stypho,

the son of Crete, hath never yet encountered defeat, yet he hath run against the first champions of Greece."

"I will wager an Attic talent he encounters it today," said the Athenian. "Scylax, the trainer, professes he hath never sent forth two such runners as Alcimos and Meno."

"There are other trainers beside Scylax," said the Spartan. "I am not rich enough to venture such a sum as thou namest, but I will wager a thousand drachmas on Stypho against either of thy boasted champions."

And so opinions and wagers were passed, and the merits of contestants discussed. The two Athenians seemingly the most popular.

"Thou preferest Alcimos to Meno," said one friend to another. "I thought Scylax held a contrary opinion."

"He did at first," was the reply, "but lately Alcimos has so improved in wind and muscle that old Scylax has changed his mind."

"Well, that is quite possible," said the other. "Considering the lazy luxurious life which Alcimos has led, it is no wonder it took some time to bring him into proper training. Since he was old enough to escape from his guardian he has devoted his whole time to riotous pleasure and indulgence. That he should shut up his house, sell his favorite slaves, and go to old Scylax for ten months of coarse fare and hard labor is a marvel indeed, and a still greater that he has persisted in it."

"Whatever may be Alcimos' object he will likely gain it. I saw him a few days ago and I scarcely knew him. He no more resembles the idle loungeur than a pampered lap dog resembles a wolfhound."

"Well," said the other, "the judges have taken their places. Another half hour and the contest will be decided."

Meanwhile Alcimos, the youth to whose performance so much attention had been attracted, was present among the competitors, but kept out of sight as much as possible. High born, rich, gifted with unusual powers of mind and body, indolence alone had prevented him from attaining to the highest distinction. Greece offered honors he might have won, but he preferred a life of luxury and self-indulgence, until one day he met for the first time a noble Athenian lady, whose father had just returned to the city after a long absence.

Diotime was not only beautiful in body, but was endowed with distinguished qualities of mind, a deep student of the splendid literature of her native city. It was her greatest wish to see it produce heroes once more, worthy to follow in the footsteps of Miltiades and Pericles. She looked with scorn on the effeminate fops who offered her their flattery. Alcimos in particular, who had been piqued first into admiration, then into love, by her indifference, sought in vain to win her regard.

One day he chanced to overhear a conversation between Diotime

and one of her companions, which had caused him to take the step so bewildering to his friends.

"Athens is not at war with any foreign nation," her friend had said. "Our youth have not the opportunity to win the distinction thou dost insist upon."

"The Athens of the past won glory in peace as well as war," returned Diotime, "but our youth attain distinction neither at home nor abroad. How many years have passed since the prize at Olympia or the Isthmus has been brought home to Athens? No, Callista, not until some Athenian can lay the crown of Wild Olives or of Pine at my feet will I harken to the suit of any."

The ladies withdrew, unconscious that their conversation had been overheard. But Alcimos had drunk in every word, and his resolve was taken at once. He knew that among Diotime's suitors was Meno, a youth renowned for his swiftness of foot, and generally expected to carry off the prize at the Isthmian games in the summer of the ensuing year. Whether Diotime had him in mind or not Alcimos could not tell, but the idea of his bringing home the crown of Victory, and thereby winning a fairer prize, was intolerable to him.

In a few weeks he had entirely changed his course of living. He left the city and placed himself as a pupil of Scylax, one of the most celebrated trainers of the day, whose school was not far distant.

Contrary to all expectations he had persevered in carrying out the severest regimen which is imposed on those in training. His affection for the fair Athenian seemed to increase with his life of toil and difficulty. He only saw her now at rare intervals, but when he did, he noted an expression of surprise and interest, which contrasted strongly with the scarcely veiled contempt of her former greeting.

Old Scylax, who at first regarded him with a grim mixture of pity and amusement, treated him with ever increasing respect, and as the time of the contest drew near advised more than one of his friends to place their money on his chances of success.

It was but a few weeks to the day of the big athletic event, when a strange adventure ending in a serious accident befell him. Not long after his arrival at Corinth, where he had come for the last stages of his training on the track at the Stadium, he was walking in a retired spot on the sea shore, a short distance away when he saw an old building surrounded by a grove of pines and laurels which almost hid it from view to all appearances a ruin, a deserted temple perhaps not used any more. While he was still looking at it he saw several people walking on the narrow path leading to it and disappearing within the doorway. Curiosity caused him to follow them.

Making his way through the shrubs he joined the company, and as they did not seem surprised at his presence he entered the building with them.

He discovered he was in an ancient villa, the large entrance hall



of which was used for this gathering. At one end was a rude desk before which a man, wearing the ordinary dress of a Greek mechanic, was seated. On the benches were some fifty or sixty persons of all ranks and ages, the seats to the right being occupied by men, those to the left by women.

Observing that Alcimos looked about him in some perplexity, an old man beckoned him to take a seat at his side. As he did so all arose and sang a hymn addressed to some Deity. When this and some prayers which followed were concluded the occupant of the desk arose and began to speak.

He told them that a letter had arrived from Ephesus written by Paul, the beloved Father in the Faith, who for the space of two years, as they would remember, had dwelt among them, and whose special order it was now that his letter should be read to all the Saints in Corinth, which order it was his purpose to obey.

Alcimos, whose curiosity was by this time greatly aroused, paid particular attention to what followed. He had once or twice heard something of the new, strange religion which for twenty years had been promulgated in Greece and other lands. He could remember some four or five years previously the very man, who seemed to be the writer of this Epistle, coming to Athens, and discoursing on Mars Hill to the scorn and amusement of many, and to the perplexity and alarm of others. He found himself startled and impressed.

The authoritative, unhesitating tone of the writer, even when handling the deepest mysteries, the earnest exhortations to universal love and good will, all this struck and surprised him with a force for which he could not account.

Presently the epistle went on to speak of the self-denial, toil, and suffering, his calling as a minister of this new faith brought upon him, and that many accounted it folly for him to so endure. Yet there was no folly even from a human point of view, because the prize to be gained as a result was well worth it all.

He cited as an argument in its favor the toil and self-sacrifice which those who were contestants in the public games underwent, though their hope of victory was precarious, while that of the Christians was firm and sure. "Know ye not," so the letter was worded, "that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize? So run that ye may obtain. And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible."

After the meeting Alcimos left without speaking to any one, and slowly walked homeward through the thick trees by which he had approached the villa. The passage in the Epistle relative to the foot races had removed the favorable impression which the previous part had created. The writer, he thought, knows little of our Greek games or he would not speak so of them. A short heart and a de-

terminated will rarely fail of success. And the crown he spoke slightly of, which is to me the crown alike of glory and love, is well worth all the effort needed to secure it.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he was suddenly startled by a sharp stinging pain in his foot, and looking down, saw a snake gliding away in the thicket. He hastened home and had the wound dressed. The bite was not dangerous, and it healed in a few days, but it left a strange languor which he could not shake off.

He concealed it carefully from his companions, and would not admit even to himself that it might possibly affect his chances of success. Indeed, on the morning of the race itself the excitement of the struggle seemed to have restored his former vigor and he presented himself before the judges to take the required oaths, as confident of victory as ever.

After the preliminary formalities had been gone through, the competitors took their places at the starting post. There were seven contestants from various cities of Greece, amongst them the two Athenians, Meno and Alcimos. They were all of noble appearance and splendidly built.

Alcimos was fortunate in obtaining the place generally considered the best and there was some change in the betting when he was seen to take it.

After a pause of breathless expectation the signal was given, then in an instant the seven competitors shot forward with the speed of a flight of arrows.

For the first thirty yards they all seemed to keep together. When the middle of the course was reached the two Athenians were well to the fore. In this way they gained the pillar at the other end. Skimming lightly around it they darted back on the return course. Here Diocles, the Begarian, who to this point had kept the lead, began to fail. He was passed first by Meno, then by Alcimos and Stypho, the Lacedonian, running shoulder to shoulder.

Amid deafening shouts of encouragement half the return course was traveled. This was the point at which the superior powers of Alcimos had always shown themselves. Old Scylax, who has chosen his seat at exactly this spot, and who had heard nothing about the snake's bite, fully expected him to shoot forward a yard in front of his antagonists and maintain his lead to the end of the race. To his surprise Alcimos, though evidently exerting his powers to the utmost, could not shake off his Lacedonian rival, while Meno gained slightly but surely on both.

Within ten yards of the goal Alcimos made a last desperate effort, but his exertions only carried him once more abreast of Stypho, behind whom he had been gradually falling, Meno maintaining his position a clear stride in advance. The next moment a trumpet sounded

the termination of the race. And a herald announced in a loud voice that Meno, the son of Aristo, a citizen of Athens, was the conqueror in the foot race.

Alcimos hardly heard the words of the proclamation, or the shouts of the people which followed. He rested for a moment by one of the statues which ornament the avenue. When he recovered sufficiently to take notice, he saw his successful rival at a little distance receiving congratulations. He saw also Diotime looking radiant with triumph, glancing proudly at Meno, who was surrounded by a group of noble Athenians.

Alcimos could not endure the sight. Moving away in the opposite direction under the shelter of the Sacred Grove he soon found himself alone. A few moments brought him to the sea shore, close to the old villa in the pine wood where he had received the injury which had wrecked his hopes forever.

The sight of the fatal spot roused him from his stupor which had fallen on his senses, and he felt for the first time the full bitterness of his disappointment. He had not merely lost the foot race, though that to his proud spirit would have been hard enough to bear, but with it he lost everything that in his eyes made life worth living.

Diotime's love was hopelessly given to another. He could never return to Athens and see her Meno's wife. The idea of resuming his former life there, or elsewhere, seemed insupportable to him. The advantages of his rank, birth, and possessions seemed wholly forfeited. And all this through no fault of his. He had striven with all possible diligence to win the prize on which his heart was set. He had denied himself every indulgence that could impede his hopes of success. He had endured every hardship that could promote it. And yet he had failed—failed as utterly as if he had gone into the race unprepared, as if he had been the poorest, instead of the generally acknowledged swiftest runner in the Training School.

"All run, but one only obtaineth the prize—."

Where did he hear those words? he muttered to himself. Ah! It was in the old villa in the pine grove and they were the words of Paul, the Christian. And then he remembered what came afterwards, what he had said of himself.

"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."

He had thought lightly of the wisdom of those words when he heard them, but they sounded different now. It might be that there was a race in which success was sure, not doubtful and liable to defeat as the one he had just run. He would at least seek the Christian Teacher and find out more about it.

On the following day Alcimos was received as an investigator, and baptized shortly afterwards. When he had completed a course of in-

struction, he was sent at his own request into the distant parts of Asia, and for many years never re-visited Greece.

The same qualities which had been shown in the Training School of Scylax were now exerted for a nobler purpose. No toil was too severe for him. No sacrifice of self too great. No danger too formidable to be cheerfully encountered.

For thirty-seven years he ran his noble and devoted course. At last in the persecution under the Emperor Domitian he attracted the attention of the Roman prefect. He was arrested, and on his refusal to sacrifice, was beheaded in the amphitheatre at Ephesus. His last words are said to have been:

"They do it to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible. I therefore so run, not as uncertainly—."

*Salt Lake City,*

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## "AND RUTH SAID"

BY MINERVA PINKERTON

"Any mail for me today?" Grant Shores tried to ask the question casually, just as he had each day for the past three months, and was summoning the usual cheerful grin and jaunty backward nod for reply to old Simms' ninety times repeated, "Nothin' today, me boy," when the aged postmaster, after a pretended search through the "R-S-T" box, slapped a square, cream envelope through the tiny window, and cackled excitedly. "Sure, an' there's mail for ye today! Straight from the city, an' writ by a young lady with brown eyes an' a dimple, or I'm no judge o' handwritin'."

"Hey! An't ye agoin' to open it?" he shrilled again, as Grant seized the letter and began to elbow his way through the daily mail-time crowd which jammed the tiny office; but his question was lost on the broad-shouldered young giant who plowed his path to the door, and with the precious letter held tightly in his hand, walked rapidly through the little town and out toward the hills.

He wanted to be alone, away from the loud congratulations, or the crudely expressed sympathy, of the villagers; alone with the letter which contained a word sentencing him to a life time of happiness or despair. Reaching the wooded hills, he plunged down a narrow canyon to a small grove of feathery pines, in the center of which a seat had been constructed of stones and moss. He threw himself down in front of this throne and half closed his eyes while he held the still unopened letter, as if it were a priceless treasure.

In fancy he could see pretty golden-haired Ruth Hathaway sitting before him, as she had sat so many times during the past summer; he recalled the long hours they had read, studied and talked here,



in their months of friendship, the few precious weeks during which they had come here to plan for their future home together; and, finally, the bitter day when he had told her of the wonderful, new religion to which he had become converted, and had tried to explain to her some of its beliefs and principles.

She had at first refused to take him seriously, accusing him of trying to tease or frighten her; but finally, realizing that he was in earnest, she had contemptuously tossed his ring toward him, and told him to choose between her and—"Mormonism."

He was bewildered for a moment, but not for an instant did his faith waver, and he replied gently, "You don't seem to understand, Ruth, dear; there is nothing to decide, no choice to make. I am already a member of this great Church; I know its truth and feel its power in every fiber of my being, and I could no more renounce it and declare myself something else than I could, by simply saying so, change myself to an Eskimo. It is a part of me, and will be forever."

He walked toward her and held out his arms, "Just as our love is a part of me, Ruth—" but she interrupted angrily, "Don't speak of love to me. You have made our love second to your cheap, trashy religion; and until you come to your senses, I never want to see you again."

She turned and walked rapidly away, and hours later he followed back to town, with sad heart but unshaken conviction, only to find that she had left the house of her Aunt, with whom she had been spending the spring and summer months, and had returned to her home in the city.

Three months had passed, and he had heard nothing from her, but each day he had sent her some reminder of himself and his religion. He had such perfect faith in the new work with which he had united, such absolute knowledge of its truth, that he felt if Ruth could only learn more about it, really know and understand it, she would love its message as he did; so, on every day's mail he had sent her a little inanimate missionary—sometimes a small tract or leaflet which he procured from the elders who had converted him; or oft-times-asked question, to be followed the next day by the answer; one half of a quotation from some of the Church books, and then the other half the books themselves, and copies of the various magazines of the Church organizations, with a line, a paragraph or an entire story or article marked for her special reading. He sent records for her phonograph, containing some of the choicest Latter-day Saint hymns; and each day, with every offering, went a sincere, humble prayer that his inspired missionaries would bring her to know and love the truth.

Every day as he read and studied to find something to send to Ruth on the morrow, new paths had opened up before him, greater

glories and wonders had been shown to him, and his faith had been strengthened until it almost seemed that this alone of life was real, and nothing else mattered; but now that he held Ruth's letter, and knew that this answer must indeed be final, he realized again how dear she was to him, how essential to his future happiness and progression, and he almost feared to open the letter.

Down in front of the throne he had builded for her, he bowed his head and asked God that the answer might be the right one for both of them. Then he slowly opened the envelope and drew forth the folded sheet.

He stared stupidly at its one short line—just her name and three figures:

“RUTH: 1:16.”

Almost afraid to believe, he reached for his worn little pocket Bible, and with trembling fingers turned to the first chapter of Ruth, found the sixteenth verse, and read:

“And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

*Redmesa, Colorado.*

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## Sunday Scouting

Boy Scouts of America National Council, with reference to the encouragement of boys while in camp to meet their religious obligations, passed this resolution at their Second Biennial Conference:

*Whereas*, the Boy Scouts of America are specifically pledged to encourage reverence and faithfulness to religious obligations;

*And Whereas*, The attention of the National Council has been called to the fact that in some cases, scouts have been permitted to neglect church attendance, while at week-end camps, or on week-end camp hikes;

*Be It Resolved*: That the National Council record its disapproval of programs for week-end hikes or camps which preclude the attendance of scouts at religious services, or which cause loss of credits for the individual or patrol, or troop, if the scout elects to remain at home to attend church.

The Boy Scout Movement will keep faith with the churches, of whatever creed or denomination. Officers of the M. I. A. Scouts of America are against Sunday hiking, and where boys are away over Sunday, religious services should always be held, and the day held sacred.

## In Old Mexico

M. A. Romney reports from Colonia Juarez, a fathers and sons' outing in June, in which a large number of M. I. A. workers participated. The conditions compel all the people to participate, with fathers and sons, mothers and daughters and all M. I. A. workers in a general excursion. They appreciate the good to be obtained from these associations of fathers and sons, and mothers and daughters in outdoor occasions. “We feel very much encouraged in our work in the stake. Out of a ward population here in Colonia Juarez, of 270, we have an average attendance at our M. I. A. meetings on Sunday night of over 100.”

## A CENTENARY AND PIONEER DAY IN LOGAN

Logan City, Utah, did itself proud in originating, planning and caring for the greatest celebration in the history of Cache Valley, and one of the most pretentious ever devised in the state. It was held July 24 and 25, and in every respect was a success. It was designed to celebrate Pioneer day and to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the discovery of the valley, in 1824, by James Bridger and his band of trappers. The celebration was also in the nature of a home coming for Cache Valley people and the two events brought together what was variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000 people. Hotels and private houses were literally crowded, camp grounds and parks were occupied by tents, and many passed the night in Smithfield, Hyrum and other nearby places. It was the general verdict that a more picturesque celebration has never been staged in the west than this Cache valley festival, in joint commemoration of the arrival of the Utah Pioneers under Brigham Young, in 1847, and the discovery of Cache Valley, in 1824, by James Bridger.



LOGAN PIONEERS OF 1859, ALL CHILDREN OF JOEL RICKS

These people came to Logan in covered wagons, and settled there before any house was built. All were in attendance at the celebration.

Left to right: Esther Wilson, Salt Lake; Joel Ricks, Ellen Nibley, Ezra Ricks, Logan; Nathan Ricks, Rexburg, Idaho; Mary Smith, Centerville, Utah; John Ricks, LeGrande, Oregon.

Everywhere in Logan were seen relics of olden days and even the men and women wore particular style of clothes, beards, and personal adornments fashionable a hundred years ago. Every window had its exhibit of Pioneer furniture and other paraphernalia. A two-mile parade was one of the features of the 24th program. In it Pioneer life in its various phrases was strikingly depicted. Lieut. Russel L. Maughan was the honored guest of his native city. About one hundred Indians from Fort Hall were

in evidence. At 10 o'clock the great parade of people and floats was set in motion. It required an hour to pass a given point, and was witnessed by numerous throngs of spectators. One of the newspapers describes it as follows:

"Real Indians and real oxen, battered-up prairie schooners heavy with "Utah's best crop," and their whiskered and be-bonneted parents, cows, sheep and jackasses; traders, trappers in their buckskin coats, bands from Logan and Ogden, scouts and soldiers, and militia, 100 limousines and touring cars filled with gray-haired settlers of the valley, pioneers of days before the '60's—these moved along the line of march today, depicting in chronological order the progress of civilization in the west; while overhead an airplane boomed its now familiar song.

On July 25, among many other activities, a great mass meeting, overflowing the large Logan tabernacle, was held in honor of the Pioneers. Most of the audience were fathers and mothers' many of them early pioneers. President Heber J. Grant was continually stopped on his way to the stand to shake hands with old friends. Doctor O. H. Budge, president of Logan stake, presided. Seated on the stand besides the local authorities were Governor Charles R. Mabey; Governor C. C. Moore, of Idaho; President Heber J. Grant; H. E. Crockett, secretary of State; Don B. Colton; Mayor C. C. Neslen, of Salt Lake; Elder Rulon S. Wells, and other distinguished guests. Mayor John A. Crockett, of Logan, gave the opening address.

Governor Charles R. Mabey said that it is fitting that we should celebrate here the centennial of Jim Bridger's arrival and that the people of our sister state, Idaho, headed by their governor, should join us. Idaho's people are our people, her ideals are our ideals and the two States are linked by bonds of relationship, industry and common history. It is fitting that President Grant, successor of President Brigham Young, should join the people of two states as the head of the Church whose people settled the valley and built its first permanent homes. Lands, and resources do not altogether make a country, these have much to do with it but the people, the builders make the country. He paid tribute to the Pioneers as "men and women equal to a great task, founders of a country second to none in patriotism for country, love of God, veneration, of hearth and fireside, and firm believers in honest industry."

Governor Moore said that Idaho steps across the southern boundary today to clasp hands and acknowledge her common relationship with the people of Utah. What was pioneering to our grandfathers is not the same to us who see the airplane and the radio; but those who build permanently and well must have a foundation of character and spirituality. He referred to the present new physical development of Idaho, through federal and private reclamation of 3,000,000 acres of land. We have powerful backing, trained engineers, and better chances than the original pioneers; but, after all, the success of our building will be decided by the character and patriotism and spiritual enlightenment of the men and women on the land. He made a plea for the preservation of the American character which is at the base of government. He advocated educating foreigners and suppressing migration on the other side of the ocean rather than in domestic harbors.

Lieutenant Russel L. Maughan, who recently crossed the American continent in one day by airplane, spoke. The audience arose in tribute to him. He expressed himself as having more respect for the early Pioneers than any one who has not actually known what they did. "When I crossed the continent, all I had to do was to sit down, hour after hour. I could not help but think, as I crossed the Rockies, what an easy time I was having compared with the men who made the first ground trails into the valley."

The Logan Imperial Glee Club and the Silver-grey Band furnished music. Professor A. M. Durham was introduced after the Glee Club had





# SCENES IN THE GREAT PARADE

Top: Indians Moving. Center: Indians in Holiday Attire. Bottom: Pioneer Cabin. One of the Floats.

rendered, "This is the Place," and "An Ode to Utah," written by the professor especially for the occasion.

N. W. Crookston, a real worker and a pioneer of Cache Valley, said he was glad the celebration had returned to Logan some of his old friends as Cache Valley men settled most of Idaho. He jokingly remarked that "All now necessary to accomplish anything is to issue bonds, while in the old days we had to do the work with our hands."

President Heber J. Grant expressed himself as happy to witness the celebration and delighted to be present, and commented on the splendid spirit of the gathering, and the commendable conduct of so many people assembled for pleasure. He called attention to the remarks of the two governors regarding the patriotism of Cache Valley people, and declared that he knew they were unsurpassed in love of country by any other people. He declared that it was faith in the inspiration of God that caused the Pioneers to come to Cache Valley and to stay here. Cache is one of the most remarkable valleys not only in Utah but in all the world. He recounted some of the early difficulties that, without a sure faith, would have been very difficult to overcome by the settlers. He called attention to the early settlers and their history, declaring that no people ever lived that were more God-fearing than the men and women who first came to Cache Valley. In recalling the names, he traced living descendants of these Pioneers, to other valleys of Utah, to Canada, Arizona and Idaho, to show that they gave the West men and women like themselves.

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*Mrs. Elizabeth Claridge McCune* passed away, Aug. 1, at Hotel Utah, after an illness of about two months, which finally developed into pneumonia. She was in Bermuda when taken ill, and was brought to Salt Lake City. Her death was peaceful. All that medical science and loving care could do for her was done.

Mrs. McCune was born February 19, 1852 in Hemmelstead, England, and emigrated to Utah with her parents when an infant. The family first settled at Nephi and later moved to St. George. All her life Mrs. McCune was an ardent Church worker. For many years she was a member of the general boards of the Relief Society and Y. L. M. I. A. She was also active in the Genealogical society and upon completion of the Salt Lake temple was among the first temple workers. She was a patron of the National Council of Women and also of the International Council.

Mrs. McCune was a telegraph operator in early days in Nephi and St. George. In her early life, too, she was an actress, taking parts on the stage in St. George with President Anthony W. Ivins, Susa Y. Gates and others well known in Church circles.

Mrs. McCune traveled extensively and was deeply interested in art, in architecture and music. She was also a staunch supporter of the cause of education. She served on the State Agricultural college board first as a member and then as vice-president. She attended the Women's Congresses in Washington, New York, London and Rome, and her words were heard not only in these centers of learning and culture, but on the plains and in the lowly homes of the poor. It was through the generosity of Mrs. McCune that the beautiful McCune mansion on North Main street became the L. D. S. School of Music. Funeral services were held in the Assembly Hall, Aug. 3. President Heber J. Grant presided and was one of the speakers. President Charles W. Penrose, was the other speaker. Both spoke in high terms of her life of service. The speakers pointed out how Mrs. McCune's activities would not cease with death, but that her soul would continue to progress in the hereafter as it had done on earth.

# Editors' Table

## Our Grounds of Appeal

The *Improvement Era* aims to present in its contents dependable information, gospel doctrine, history, faith-promoting accounts and narratives, scientific truths, attractive general literature, mission incidents, interesting and wholesome stories, poetry, travels, and descriptions of home and foreign lands.

We believe our readers have a splendid demonstration of the above fact in this number, in the contributions of President Anthony W. Ivins, Elders Orson F. Whitney and Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve; Nephi Jensen, Dr. J. E. Greaves, Judge Thomas H. Burton, Bishops Taliesin Evans, and Heber C. Iverson, Prof. Levi Edgar Young, Dr. Elmer G. Peterson, the testimonies of the missionaries in the field, Dr. Eyring, of the Brigham Young University, Alfred Lambourne, Edward P. Kimball, and many other valued authors, in stories, poetry, description and literature; and these articles are but samples of what we find in each of the twelve numbers of the year.

The *Improvement Era* calls to the young and old to steer their footsteps in the clean and worthy path of the true Christian life, based on the restored and everlasting gospel of Jesus Christ who is the actual Son of the living God. It upholds the faith of a personal God, the Father of all. It upholds the divine birth of Christ, his mission, teachings and resurrection and his mediation and atonement for the salvation of the human race.

It upholds faith in the gospel of Christ as restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith who was divinely chosen for this purpose. These truths are essential and fundamental, and their adoption results in living faith and action such as should characterize ever Latter-day Saint, and be persistently taught to the children and young people of the Church.

On these grounds we appeal to the families, the heads of families, and the youth of the Church, to read the *Improvement Era*. It will aid you to impress these basic truths, this faith, upon your lives and actions, to your present and everlasting benefit.

As explained in the August number, the General Board and management have decided to require payment in advance hereafter to save time and work in the office, not to say annoyance to both the office and the subscribers, in errors and needless correspondence. It is just as easy to pay now as in 30 or 60 days hence, and we believe it will be more acceptable to all, and result in greater good feeling



to send the money, (\$2) with the order for the new volume, as required by the new regulation.

A number of subscribers have already expressed their pleasure with the change. Here is a sample:

"I have read the *Era* from the beginning and it has always been a good magazine and worth more than the subscription price. I wish to express my appreciation of the excellence of the present volume. I like the new movement to place the *Era* on a cash basis. I feel sure that our young men will respond cheerfully to this new plan just as they have always responded to the progressive plans proposed by our leaders. I am pleased to enclose my check for \$2 to cover the next volume beginning with the November issue I would hate to miss a single number."—Roscoe W. Eardley, Salt Lake City.

Notices of expiration with blanks for orders will be sent out by the business office, and we invite our agents and subscribers to honor us with their lists and renewals before or on October 15, accompanied with remittance, so that no number may be missed.—A.

---

## Acceptable Movies

The following pictures have been previewed by the M. I. A. Committee and were found to be adapted for ward use.

*Love Flower*, 7 reels. Featuring Richard Barthelmess. A thrilling romance of the South Sea Islands.

*Little Chevalier*, 4 reels. Featuring Shirley Mason. Very charming involving French customs and traditions.

*The Mark of Zorro*, 8 reels. Featuring Douglas Fairbanks. A thrilling Spanish-California romance of double identity.

*Smiling All the Way*, 5 reels. All star cast, a good comedy drama.

*Fools of Fortune*, 5 reels. All star cast. A western feature without objectionable scenes.

*Rosita*, 9 reels. Featuring Mary Pickford. A sparkling romance of a Spanish street singer about whom centers an intrigue of the enamored king.

*Courtship of Miles Standish*, 9 reels. Featuring Chas. Ray. Gives an excellent idea of the life of the early settlers, including thrilling scenes on board the *Mayflower*.

*Defeat of the City*, 4 reels. An O'Henry story presenting attractively life in rural communities.

*Toilers of the Sea*, 5 reels. All star. A romantic picture taken in Italy and showing Mt. Vesuvius and its wonders.

*Bohemian Girl*, 7 reels. Featuring Gladys Cooper. A romantic drama of girl kidnapped by gypsies. (Balfes opera.)

*Prince of a King*, 6 reels. Featuring Dinky Dean. A child's story of a kidnapped prince brought up as an acrobat, but finally restored to the throne.

*Scouting for Washington*, 3 reels. A tale of the Revolutionary war involving a beautiful romance.

*The World's Struggle for Oil*, 5 reels. Gripping drama and romance of the oil struggle from Biblical times till today.

*The Old Kentucky Home*.



# Mutual Work

## What a Real Leader Is

Definition: A leader is a person who, in some respects, is big enough to command a following. The great leader is he who gives some practical solution to a primary problem of his age.

There are three types of leadership: Men of Action, Men of Thought and Men of Heart Power. Every great leader is characterized by one of these powers and in lesser degree by the other two. The leaders of the human race may be classified in these three ways. These are qualifications that should characterize leaders of the Y. M. M. I. A. Read Judge Burton's article on "Leadership" in this number of the *Era*. It fairly bristles with good points on the subject.

## North Weber Fathers and Sons' Outing

The Y. M. M. I. A. of the North Weber Stake held their Fathers and Sons' outing on July 17, 18 and 19, in South Fork canyon. Every ward belonging to the stake was represented, for the first time in the history of their outings. On Friday evening, at the camp fire program, there were 200 present. "We are very elated over this increase, as in 1922 we had 83 present and in 1923 we had 132. Among this jolly gathering were all of the stake presidency, three high councilmen, four bishops, and a visiting stake superintendent. These brethren joined in the evening programs much to the satisfaction and pleasure of the boys. An invitation was extended to the mothers on the second evening to come to camp and have supper which had been prepared and was served by the boys. The days were spent in hiking, playing games, contests, baseball games, between the fathers and sons, and horseshoe pitching between the different wards of which the Taylor ward won the championship. The evening programs and the camp fires were the main features of our outing." The outing was made a success through the efforts of the stake board together with C. W. Wimmer and Jessie Draper.

## The Thirteenth Annual Timpanogos Hike

This year's Annual Timpanogos Hike, the 13th, proved to be as successful as the preceding. That it is growing in popularity is indicated by the fact that for two or three days before the official hike and for two days after, this famous Utah mountain was alive with enthusiastic hikers to the wonderful mountain shrine.

The bon-fire, erected by the Provo Kiwanis Club, was the best ever built for the occasion. So carefully had the poles for the outer structure been selected and so securely had they been tied by a log chain at the top that the interior of the great fire burned entirely away and still the structure stood. The entire program was carried out before the fire even died down.

The program was especially pleasing. There were dancing students of Professor L. P. Christensen, and of the University of Utah; and W. C. Bradford, famous song leader, who led out in recreational singing. William Ashworth, of Provo, eighty years of age, received the Timp Stack for being the oldest man. He made the pilgrimage to the flagpole on top of the mountain the following day. A young man from Java received the



Timpanogos Roberts, Inspecting the Great Bonfire Structure

stick for being the farthest from home. The oldest lady would not step forward for the stick. A few sky rockets were fired off at the opening program just preceding the ceremonial lighting of the huge fire. They looked especially beautiful in the clear atmosphere of the mountains.

The hike was very pleasant, the trail being good and the mountain literally covered with myriads of flowers, probably the best display of flowers seen in years at the time of the official hike. The glacier, though not so steep, was safer than usual. In spite of the fact that hundreds of people spent the day and the night on the Wonder Mountain, there were no accidents worth reporting. The hike partook more than ever of a community aspect, every town in the vicinity of the mountain, as well as scores of towns elsewhere, being represented. Many hiking clubs as well as hikers from educational institutions joined in the excursion.—H. R. Merrill.

# Passing Events

*Ten thousand houses were destroyed by floods in the island of Formosa, according to reports from Tokio, Aug. 9.*

*The population of Salt Lake City was, by the Census Bureau, estimated at 128,564, July 18, 1924. The population of the entire country was estimated at 112,078,611.*

*Kalgan in China was partly destroyed by flood, July 15. Hundreds of houses collapsed. The damage to foreign property alone is estimated at \$1,000,000. The city is the largest commercial center north of Pekin, on the Yangho river.*

*The American Silver Producers' Association was organized in a conference of silver producers at Hotel Utah, Aug. 7, with W. Mont Ferry, of Salt Lake City, as president. The object of the organization, as expressed in the meeting, is to promote and stabilize the prosperity of the industry.*

*An inter-allied conference convened in London, July 16, for the purpose of making effective the Dawes plan for German reparations. America is represented by Ambassador Kellog, Col. James W. Logan, Jr., four advisors and a number of secretaries. The British prime minister, MacDonald, welcomed the delegates. Ten nations, besides the United States, are represented.*

*Revolution in Brazil. From Santos, Brazil, it was cabled on the 14th of July that the fighting at Sao Paulo had been most violent, and that the casualties may reach 3,000. The insurgent forces are estimated at about 34,000, and daily increasing. The federals are estimated at 24,000. Both sides were reported to be well equipped. On July 30, the revolution was reported practically ended.*

*The American round-the-world fliers arrived in Paris, France, July 14, flying in a perfect V-formation. Lieutenant Lowell Smith led the Americans into France. Following him came Lieutenant Wade and Lieutenant Nelson, and flanking and following came the French squadron which had gone to meet them at Strasbourg. They had made the trip from Vienna, 700 miles, in 11 hours 22 minutes—actual flying time of 10 hours and 22 minutes.*

*Fifty-two persons perished in forest fires sweeping the Pacific coast, according to a message from San Francisco, July 15. Fires were said to be raging in various places from British Columbia to southern California, and strenuous efforts were being made to save thousands of acres of timber and grazing land from devastation. On July 16th, it was reported that rain had put out the fires in western Washington and Oregon.*

*The biggest project to relieve Salt Lake's water shortage undertaken this year was consummated Monday, July 21, with the formal opening of gigantic pumps at Twenty-first East and Sixtieth South streets.*

*From 6,000,000 to 7,000,000 gallons of water was added to the city's supply as a result of opening of the pumps. This water comes from Big Cottonwood canyon where the city now controls practically 90 per cent of the flow.*

*Mrs. Cynthia Ann Spence, wife of William G. Spence, for many years connected with the transportation agency of the Church, died July 28,*



1924, at her home, in Salt Lake City, following an illness of two years. Mrs. Spence was born in Salt Lake in 1854. Her parents, Elnathan and Ruth Eldredge, came to Utah from Boston in 1847. Surviving Mrs. Spence are her husband, and four children. Funeral services were held July 30, at the Eighteenth ward chapel.

*U. S. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge was reported seriously ill* at a hospital at Cambridge, Mass., following an emergency operation performed late July 27. Stricken early in the morning in his home at East Point, Nahant, the senior senator from Massachusetts, in his seventy-fourth year, was removed to the hospital. The operation was performed at 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon. His illness is a recurrence of a bladder ailment of long standing, physicians stated. On July 29, the senator was reported greatly improved.

*Seven buildings were destroyed by fire at Murray, Aug. 9.* A high wind caused the blaze to spread to several buildings, as well as a number of sheds in the rear. The fire broke out in the *Eagle* office, from a lead-melting pot, according to P. K. Nielson, publisher of the weekly paper. The loss to the printing shop is estimated at \$26,000, of which \$12,000 is covered by insurance. Other losses were estimated as follows. Carlisle Motor company, \$15,000 damage by service department, and \$3,000 damage to cars; Baptist church damaged \$5,000.

*Americans murdered in Persia.* An investigation of the murder of Vice Consul Robert Imbrie at Teheran, Persia, was ordered by the state department at Washington, July 19. According to the report of the American minister, Joseph S. Kornfield, there had been certain religious demonstrations throughout the city, when as is alleged the vice consul and a companion, Mr. Melin Seymour, drove up and began to take pictures of the scenes. The mob rushed upon them, dragged them from the carriage and maltreated them with fatal effects. They were taking pictures, it is said, for the *National Geographic Magazine*. The Persian government, through its representative in Washington, promptly expressed regret for the occurrence and assured the government that everything would be done to mete out justice. Melvin Seymour was a "prisoner of the consulate," having been sentenced to one year's confinement for mistreatment of workmen in the oil fields.

*Mrs. Annie Hane Gibbs Smith*, widow of Hyrum Fisher Smith, Provo, Utah, and mother of Presiding Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, passed away Aug. 6 of internal cancer, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. G. Billings, Salt Lake City. She was born in November 1862, at North Brigham, the daughter of John Gibbs, of Herefordshire, England, and Mary Catherine Langton Smith of Lancastershire, England. Her parents were hand-cart pioneers and came to Utah in 1852. Mr. Gibbs built the first house in the old Brigham City fort, and the first two-room adobe house built in Brigham City, which was later used as a meetinghouse.

Surviving in addition to Patriarch Smith, are the following children: John G. Smith, desk sergeant of the Salt Lake police force; Evaline Smith Haws of Provo; Ralph G. Smith of Provo; and Mrs. H. G. Billings of Salt Lake City.

Funeral services were held in the Provo Sixth ward under direction of Bishop Joseph Nelson, Aug 8.

*Three new wards were created*, July 20, 1924, when Farmers, Waterloo and Wells wards in Grant stake were divided. The three new wards will be known as Belvedere, Jefferson and Whittier wards. The bishopric and clerk of each new ward follows:

Belvedere—George Bowles, bishop; Joseph H. Davis Jr. and Theodore Reiser, counselors; Eugene Peterson, clerk.



Jefferson—Kasper Fetzter, bishop; Amos Jenkins and Harold Stewart, counselors; James Latimer, clerk.

Whittier—Thomas E. Towler, bishop; Samuel E. Peterson and William C. Tanner, counselors; Fred Schwendiman, clerk.

The name of Farmer's ward was changed to McKinley ward. The bishopric selected for this ward was Samuel F. Nichols, bishop; Joseph S. Tingey and Alvin James, counselors.

A vacancy created in the bishopric of Waterloo ward by reason of the division resulted in Bishop Jacob Mauss selecting John M. Margetts as first counselor to succeed Joseph H. Davis, Jr.

Following installation of the new officers the meeting was addressed by President Heber J. Grant, who outlined the obligations resting upon the members of the new wards in sustaining their bishoprics and the manner in which the ward members should be served by the bishops and their counselors. About 1200 members of the several wards attended the meeting.

*A handsome monument, erected on the grave of the late President Anthon H. Lund*, by popular subscription especially among his friends of Scandinavian origin, was dedicated Aug. 17 in presence of a large gathering. President Heber J. Grant offered the dedicatory prayer and made appropriate remarks. The invocation was offered by President Charles W. Penrose, and Dr. John A. Widtsoe followed with an introductory address. A biographical sketch was given by Elder Andrew Jensen, of the Church Historians office, whereupon the monument was presented by Colonel H. M. H. Lund and accepted by Prof. A. C. Lund. Music was furnished by a Scandinavian choir, Prof Willard Weihe, and a quartette, and benediction was pronounced by Elder Nephi L. Morris, president of the Salt Lake stake.

The dedication was part of a general gathering of Scandinavian Church members held in the Assembly Hall, Aug. 16 and 17, and which was well attended. Just before the remarks of President Grant, President Ivins was introduced and spoke. He had just arrived from Hawaii.

The monument is of dark, polished granite, twenty feet in height and stands on pedestal of granite, which rests on a foundation of cement. The inscription is, "In memory of Anthon H. Lund, May 1844—March 1921," on one side, and on the other, "Erected by his friends." The monument is the work of Elias Morris & Sons, at the cost of about \$5,000.

The committee for the raising of funds was headed by Dr. John A. Widtsoe, with Colonel H. M. H. Lund as secretary and treasurer.

*Indian war veterans have received* certificates of thanks signed by the President of the United States. The certificates are engraved in parchment and read as follows:

"The United States of America—To all to whom these presents shall come, greeting: The thanks of the nation is extended through the president, commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, to the people of (blank) tribe for their unswerving loyalty and patriotism, the splendid service rendered, the willing sacrifices made and the bravery of their sons in the military and naval service of the United States when the nation was in peril during the world war of 1917-1918.

Altogether there were 12,000 Indians who served under the flag during the world war, 10,000 enlisting in the army and 2000 in the navy. Practically all of them were volunteers, as the draft law did not apply generally to the Indians. Under instruction of the president, every Indian tribe in the United States whose members were in the service will receive one of the certificates of thanks.

## “A Good Sport”

The following is an excellent definition of a good sport:

He never believes he has played his best. He never quits. He has no *alibi*.  
He smiles when he loses. He is a quiet winner. He plays fair. He plays his best  
all the time. He is generous in his relation to others.

An executive of the Y. M. M. I. A. should be a good sport.

## IMPROVEMENT ERA, SEPTEMBER, 1924

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Heber J. Grant.                    }  
Edward H. Anderson,            } Editors

Melvin J. Ballard, Business Mgr.  
Moroni Snow, Assistant.

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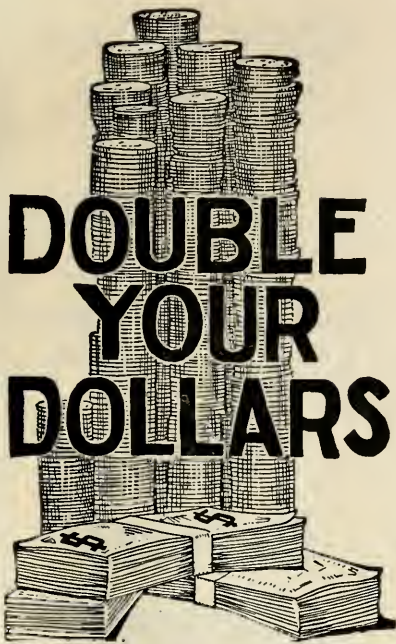
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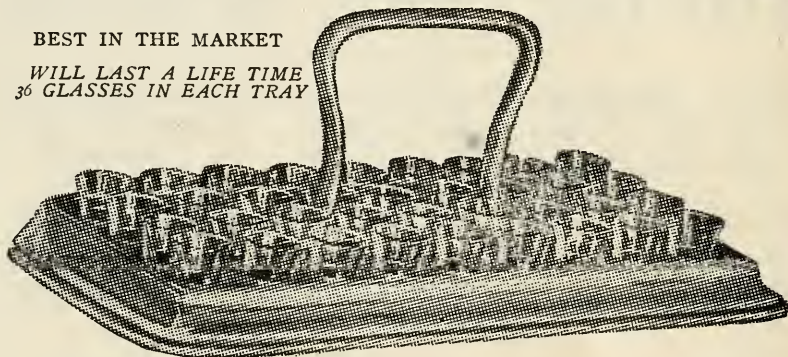
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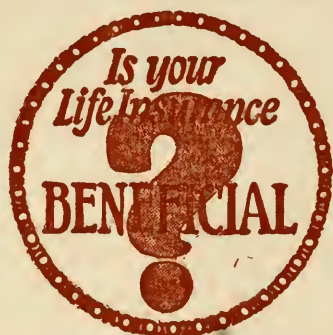
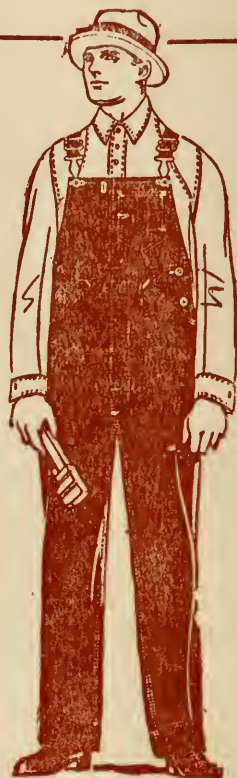
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